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STAR-DUST.



POEMS, SONGS
AND SONNETS.

WILLIAM S. AITKEN.





P3
Presented with Authors
Complete £16

13th Oct. 1890.

STAR-DUST.

100

STAR-DUST;

OR,

POEMS, SONGS, AND SONNETS.

BY

WILLIAM S. AITKEN,

AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES," ETC.

Truly
Here's the work I hand, this scroll
Yours to take or leave.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

ABERDEEN:
WILLIAM WALKER, BRIDGE STREET.
1883.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ROSSLYN, M.A., Oxon.,

AUTHOR OF "SONNETS." ETC.,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME, BY PERMISSION,
IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.



PREFACE.

A PREFACE to any book is useful only in explaining the intention of its author or compiler, that he may be clearly understood and not be subjected to any unjust censure.

The Author of the present volume has only two things to explain, and these are, its title, and the reason which led to its publication.

“Star-Dust,” at first sight, may be somewhat puzzling, but, when the first sonnet is perused, some little insight to its meaning will be gathered. The phrase first emanated from the rich, prolific and poetical pen of late Rev. George Gilfillan, Dundee, which gentleman, when speaking or writing of minor poetry in general, always characterised it as “Star-Dust,” thereby referring to poetry from the lesser poets or “stars”.

For the publication of the book little has to be said.

A desire fostered amongst a few of the author’s friends for a small collection of his poetical pieces—hence the venture.

As to the division of the book, it is very apparent some of the poems might have appeared amongst the songs, whilst on the other hand, some of the songs might have judiciously been placed amongst the poems: this, however, to the general reader, is a matter of little importance.

It but now remains to be said that the whole of the pieces were penned during short hours of leisure snatched from the business of every-day-work of a young son of toil, who had no idea that they would ever appear in a more permanent form than they did in the many publications in which they have—with few exceptions—originally appeared, under many initials and *nomes-dé-plume*.

Being, as they are, the productions of a youthful writer, there will no doubt, present itself to the experienced critic certain crudities which time and study cannot fail to efface.

Nevertheless, despite all traceable faults, that the perusal of the book may give as much pleasure as the writing of it afforded, is the only wish of the

AUTHOR.

ABERDEEN, 1883.

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STAR-DUST.



POEMS.

AUCHTERHA'.

The golden sun shone o'er the hills
And gilded bright the lea,
Where Nature, in her grandest robes
Was pleasing sweet to see,
When two—one old, the other young—
Trode through a shaggy path
That led out from a hamlet sweet
Into a mountain strath.

And as they walked, with slow sure pace,
They heard the birdies sing
Their songs of love in tree and bush
Round which bright tendrils cling.
But though the songs were sweetest songs
And echoed loud and clear,
They failed to bring to either's heart,
As one might think, sweet cheer.

From either's look one plain could read,
A something pained the heart
That seemed the while to prick it, with
The sharpness of a dart.

The zones of bloom that met their eyes
 The while were nought to them,
 The sweetest sounds from forest aisles
 Did dreary notes proclaim.

Thus on they went in arm and arm
 As solemn as could be
 Till near a pretty wooded height
 That rose up fair to see
 When one—the elder of the two
 The silence broke, and said,
 “My lassie, yon’s the place, ower there
 Where I was won and wed.

“Oh lassie! hoo my hairt owerflows
 When that dear place is seen,
 Ilk time I see’t my hairt does beat,
 The tears fa’ frae my e’en
 For oh! my min’ flies back again
 To days o’ auld lang syne
 When I, a maiden young, first call’d
 Your lovin’ faither, mine.

“Your faither then was young and fair,
 —I think I him see noo—
 Wi’ luve aye lurkin’ in his e’en,
 A smile upon his mou’.
 But sic a smile he had that morn
 When he cam’ up so braw,
 To tak yer mither to his hame
 He had at Auchterha’.

“I weel remember hoo I felt,
 When he put on the ring,
 ’Twas then, and only then, I felt
 To wed’s a solemn thing.

My very heart I thought wid brak'—
 It beat as ne'er before—
 And, though I tried to hide it sair,
 My e'en wi' tears ran o'er.

“And losh ! when came the partin' 'oor
 I, wi' a heavy sigh
 Turned roun'—*a wife so very young,*
 To bid my folk good-bye.
 I took my mither in my airms,
 For wee! I luv'd her true,
 And kiss'd her, while your faither bade
 The ithers a' adieu.

“Then your faither took in his, my hand,
 And whispered ‘Mary, come,
 You'll find the luvè you've lang had here
 Will be in thy new home.’
 And, lassie, true as God's abune,
 That luvè I truly fand,
 For your faither was as luving
 As e'er man in the land.

“We luv'd ilk ither frae that day,
 As man and wife should do,
 For baith afore the minister
 Vow'd to luvè leal and true.
 And if the warl' should stormy pruve,
 And clouds oor life o'er cast,
 Your faither vow'd he'd stan' through a'
 Atween me and the blast.

“Aye, that he did, and bravely too,
 Till cauld death clos'd his e'e,
 And luving freen's, neath yon green mound,
 Laid a' 'twas dear to me.

Noo death mysel I dinna fear,
 I'd a' its terrors brave
 To get me laid beside that heart,
 That's lying in the grave.

"I ken its far frae richt o' me,
 Ilk time I pass this spot,
 To tell ye ower this story auld
 You hae so aften got.
 But, lassie, ere you reach my age,
 You'll find, as I hae deen,
 When death a husband tak's awa'
 It's tea'n your best gie'n freen'.

"Noo dicht the tear that's in yer e'e,
 Min', woman-flesh is weak,
 There's nought will turn their min' awa'
 Of what they luv to speak.
 They may forget it for a while,
 But *never* wholly richt,
 Like buds in spring it will peep up
 Wi' a' its halo bricht—.

"I'll say nae mair to mak' you sad,
 I've pass'd the kirkyard noo,
 My step I feel the lighter is,
 The cauld sweat's aff my broo.
 I only wish God ne'er sen's you
 Sic grief as I hae borne,
 But bless you wi' His luving smile
 And leave you ne'er forlorn."

THE ECHO.

Bright sunbeams play'd at hide and seek
 Among the leafy trees,
 And blink'd on many a floweret's cheek
 Along the woodland leas,
 When I alone, beside the wood,
 In dull, half-crazy, sullen mood,
 Cried out, "O sun! tell me if she I love
 Shall love *me* faithful ever!"
 I waited; then I plain and sadly heard
 An echo answer, "*Never!*"

I laid me down the grass among
 Beside the babbling brook,
 And listen'd to its murm'ring song
 As round the curves it took;
 But back again to *her* I love alway
 My thoughts somehow did sweetly stray,
 And I exclaim'd, "O tell me, babbling brook,
 If she'll be true where'er I go!"
 I listen'd, and the echo back soon came,
 Answering languidly, "*Ah no!*"

Around me birds among the trees
 Pip'd loud a cheerful song,
 And through the flow'rs the honey-bees
 Flew humming in a throng.
 I heard them as I heard them not,
 For *one* thing in my mind did float,
 So out I cried, "O birds and bees, me tell
 If she I love shall me adore?"
 Again I listen'd, and the echo brought
 Me back a husky "*No more!*"

A scented breeze around me blew
 From down the hillside bare,
 And tall trees waving gently threw
 Faint shadows here and there.
 Feeling the cool breeze on my brow,
 That fever'd was—I can't tell how—
 I rais'd my head and cried, "Tell me, O breeze,
 If she I love shall love me aye!"
 I listen'd, and the breeze the echo brought
 With the sad, sad answer, "*Nay!*"

With reeling head I rose and said,
 "Sun, brook, birds, bees, and breeze,
 If what you say be true, my head
 In death must needs find ease.
 I love that maiden as her brother;
 I could not, would not, love another;
 Therefore in yon roaring, sullen river
 I'll drop myself into a pool."
 Gazing vaguely round, I languidly heard
 The echo whispering, "*Fool!*"

THE E'ENING BRINGS A' HAME.

This is one of the finest and most interesting of the Scotch proverbs. It has the flexibility of being turned into numerous different meanings—one meaning being, when silent dewy eve steals over hill and dale, that Morpheus, the god of sleep, entering into man and beast, brings or sends them to their respective abodes to peaceful rest. The best, and in all probability the truest meaning is, that in the eve of life—*i.e.*, approach of death—friends and relations; who may have been long absent through the diversity of political, religious, or other differences, come with soft and compassionate hearts, however bitter and harsh previously were their feelings and expressions towards the dying one.

When the sun is sinking low
 'Mong hills in the west,
 And its ruddy golden glow
 Paints each lofty crest,
 Birds in flocks fly homeward
 To their neat warm nest,
 For "E'ening brings a' hame".

Toilers from both shop and field
 Homeward wend their way,
 Weary of the tools they wield,
 All the live long day ;
 Glad to see the setting sun
 Shed its parting ray,
 For "E'ening brings a' hame".

Cattle from the fields and hills,
 Where the grass is sweet,
 Where small, sparkling, silv'ry rills
 Dance among their feet,
 Homeward to the farm-yards trot
 With a pace that's fleet,
 For "E'ening brings a' hame".

Children leave the village green
 And the city lane,
 Stopping sports they love all keen
 And work at like men,
 And homeward run to "cosy beds"
 Till day dawns again,
 For "E'ening brings a' hame".

Man and beast, o'er all the land,
 When the day does close,
 Leave the haunts they enjoy grand,
 And seek sweet repose,

Till the rosy flush of morn
 On the morrow shows,
 For "E'ning brings a' hame".

Soon—yes, soon—on earth will run
 Our short space of life,
 And we'll see go down the sun
 On all cares and strife ;
 But that will be pleasure sweet,
 For joys will be rife
 When "E'ning tak's a' hame".

DEAD.

The following lines were written after having looked at a portrait of
 A—— C——, a young lady, who passed away from this world peacefully
 and in the fulness of hope, after an acute lingering sickness, borne patiently
 and with great Christian fortitude.

So thou art dead ! And ne'er shall I
 Behold thy face again
 On earth, for thou art now on high,
 Away from mortal ken !

I grieve to think, that never more
 Thy loving, smiling eyes
 Will greet thy friends—like as of yore—
 Again beneath the skies.

Oh ! cruel death ! Why did you seek
 Out one so young as she—
 With flush of youth upon her cheek,
 And heart so kind and free.

Could'st thou not laid thy deadly hand
 On one with hoary head,
 Who longing is to cross death's strand,
 To be with those long dead ?

But why thus mourn ? Full well I know
 She's better far to-day
 In heaven, clad whiter than the snow,
 Than if here in the clay.

Though I would fain that she were still
 On earth, and living on,
 Yet to God's equitable will
 I say "Thy will be done."

Great God of love ! O send Thy light
 To lead, like her's, my soul,
 That it to heaven may wing its flight
 When free from earth's control.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

The Atheist
 May do his best
 To prove there is no God,
 And try to show
 That men do grow
 Like seed upon the sod.

But in the strife
 Of daily life
 We ever hear God's voice—
 A whispering
 In ev'rything—
 Above the world's great noise.

Like as we hear,
 Soft on our ear,
 The little eddies' din
 Above the roar,
 Along the shore,
 Of huge waves dashing in.

*CLEANSE THE HIDDEN AS WEEL'S
 THE SEEN.*

When the foulk to Golgotha Christ took they cried,
 "Crucify him" wi' micht an' wi' main;
 They hung him 'tween twa chields wha'd broken the law
 By takin' what wisna their ain.

The next morn was their Sacrament Sunday,
 And they a' were gaun to the kirk;
 Sae they wantit to hae the chields hung an' away
 Ere the day had begun to get mirk.

To hae left ower their murd'rins wid been dreadfu',
 Them gaun the morn to the table;
 They thocht ane an' a' the "meat an' the drink
 Wid cleanse them, an' perfectly able.

Noo this is the wye wi' lots o' kirk fouk yet;
 They think, in a'maist ilka creed,
 They can kill and steal like the very deil,
 If on Sacrament Sunday their gueed.

Like the eastern fouk they're carefu' to hae
 The veesible side only clean,
 They're never heard sayin', nor earnestly prayin',
 "Lord, cleanse the hidden as weel's the seen".

CHRISTMAS POEM.

'Twas a calm, clear night,
 And all twinkling bright
 Were the stars in the cloudless sky ;
 In the shadowy hue,
 All but hid from view,
 Were the mountains of Judah high,
 When humble shepherds watch'd with care
 Their flocks in Bethlehem's plains,
 Musing and chatting in quiet strains
 In the cool, peaceful midnight air.

As they chatted away,
 With heart light and gay,
 In the silence that reigned profound,
 A radiant light,
 Of brilliance bright,
 Dispelled the darkness which was around,
 And gazing up, the shepherds saw
 Out of the heavens descending
 Angels with robes and snow-white wings,
 Towards them quickly bending.
 The angels, greeting them, joyously told,
 While seraphims walk'd' 'mid the skies,
 That the Saviour was born, and that he lay
 In a manger in lowliest guise.
 For there was no room in the little inn,
 And they could not take his mother in.

An anthem sweet the angels sang
 Loud in the bright lit sky,

Till the plains of Bethlehem rang
 With echoes sweet and high—
 “Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

Circling about went the countless crowd,
 Clad in a sparkling glow,
 Like to the fleecy light summer cloud,
 Or the pure glittering snow,
 Singing, “Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

The shepherds gazed like one spell-bound
 Up to the joyous throng,
 Circling and circling round and round,
 Singing their merry song
 Of “Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

Though low our great Redeemer lay,
 In a stable stall 'mong kine,
 The angels rejoic'd, and with music gay
 Sang their sweet song divine,
 Of “Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

So let all men, in joyous strains,
 When breaks the Christmas morn,
 Like the Angels over Bethlehem's plains,
 When Christ our Lord was born,
 Sing “Glory to God in the highest,
 Peace on earth and goodwill to men”.

A MORNING WALK.

Out in the fields I walk, and gaze
 With an admiring charmed eye,
 And watch athwart the sun's bright blaze
 First bird, and bee, and butterfly.

I hear beyond the murmuring brook
 That dances past the scented wood ;
 The cuckoo's song, and the dark rook
 Ca-caing to her youthful brood.

And down beside the brook's green edge,
 Where daises and primroses grow,
 Upon the budding hawthorn hedge
 The speckl'd merle piping mellow.

Above me, singing his sweet lay,
 The lark high in the cloudless sky ;
 The stone-chick bobs and chirps quite gay
 Along the old dyke me hard by.

Within the fields of brairded corn
 Young lapwings run in ruts about,
 While parent birds, in dread and scorn,
 Above them swoop, and loud scream out.

Among the fields of young sweet grass,
 Bending and swaying in the breeze.
 The corncraik—unmusical alas !—
 Harshly screams with his well-known ease.

Around, above me, in the air,
 I hear small insects buzz and hum ;
 The joy that's seen now everywhere
 Is proving proof that Spring has come.

Great God, my heart leaps up with joy
 Within me, when I walk abroad,
 And hear and see all these employ
 Their voice in praise of thee, O God.

Then, and only then, within my heart
 I feel how sinful are *we* men,
 Who daily do from right depart,
 Forget thee, and thy name disdain.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Standing alone in the churchyard,
 By a tombstone old and grey,
 I weep for a lov'd one sleeping
 Till dawn of the Judgment Day.

O'er my head light clouds are floating
 Across the blue, blue skies ;
 And from the south summer breezes
 Around me soliloquise.

Methinks as I gaze around on
 The toppling headstones rotten,
 How soon the young and the aged
 When laid here, are forgotten.

And I think of the need we have
 To be ready for the call
 That takes us away from this world,
 Where we're bound by Satan's thrall.

I long, as I leave the churchyard
 And homeward wend my way,
 To be with the angels singing
 In the realms of endless day.

RETROSPECTIVE.

The summer sun shines warm and bright
 On all around ;
 As from this wooded mountain height
 I gaze on old familiar ground.

I see the village, neat and trim—
 The same old spot,
 Where, years ago, when young and slim,
 I dwelt, and happy was, I wot.

I see the river flowing on
 'Tween wood and hill,
 And hear its soft and silv'ry tone,
 As o'er cascade its waters spill.

I hear the birds on ev'ry spray
 Singing a song,
 Cheering wood and dell with the lay
 That echoes and re-echoes all day long.

I see the little purling brook
 That slowly through
 The village glides, from shady nook
 Where grows the birch, the larch, and yew.

I see the churches—old and new—
 'Mong trees, the manse,
 The hall, the school, and schoolhouse too,
 Round which young children run and dance.

I see the house—yes, it I see
 Beside the burn,
 With whitewash'd walls ; but ne'er, ah me !
 May I to it again return.

She who dwelt there, lov'd much by all,
 Now lies, alas !
 Beyond—beside the old church wall—
 In a grave now overgrown with grass.

THE HEATH-THATCHED COT.

Under fir trees sighing—swaying,
 Stands a little heath-thatched cot,
 Fast to ruin now decaying,
 Though 'twas once a pretty spot.

Leaves and grasses carpet over
 What was once a garden fair ;
 And *Stellaria*—much like clover—
 Grows instead of flowerets rare.

True, the birds sing sweet as ever,
 'Mong the spreading, tall green trees
 But silent now—to waken never—
 Are old sounds upon the breeze.

In the distant churchyard lying
 Are old dwellers of the cot,
 And to me the breeze is sighing,
 "Tho' they're dead they're not forgot".

AN EVENING WALK.

I walked along the woodland way
 In ev'ning's glow,
 Where length'ning shadows deeply lay,
 Flung by many a waving bough.

I heard the merle's cheerful song
 In shelt'ring tree,
 Also the lark the clouds among,
 Singing its good-night song with glee.

I heard the streamlet murm'ring on
 A soft tune low,
 And languidly the zephyrs moan,
 As flow'r and tree they thro' did blow.

I saw the flow'rs of every hue
 With drooping head,
 Begemm'd with pearly drops of dew,
 O'er all the green lea sweetly spread.

In thoughtful mood I gaz'd around,
 Admir'd them all,
 Then sat me down upon the ground
 For sadness o'er my heart did fall.

I thought how good and kind is God,
 How great his works!
 And felt within my heart the load
 Of sin that there for ever lurks.

I long'd I could do better far
 On earth my part,
 And pass the evil things that mar
 All good intentions of the heart.

AN EVENING SCENE.

Young, merry children are playing
 Here and there in the street ;
 Lovers in back lanes are straying,
 Expressing their love sentiments sweet.

Men, aged and hoary, are sitting
 Near by each cottage door ;
 And bright golden sunbeams are flitting
 Softly o'er hill, valley, and moor.

Matrons and mothers are hurrying
 Busily out and in,
 Pausing not in their quick flurrying
 To list to the children's gay din.

From a distance between the hills
 Comes loud the herdsman's shout,
 As he drives his herd where sparkling rills
 By the pathway wind in and out.

Around the village, among the trees,
 Birds pipe their ditties sweet,
 Which, borne by the evening breeze,
 Mingle with the voices in the street.

DAY IS DAWNING.

Day is dawning. On the hills
Golden light is peeping ;
Down on lakes and crystal rills
Soon it will be creeping.

Though the mist the hills between
Like a shroud is lying ;
Soon—ay, soon—it will be seen
Like a shadow flying.

Though the glen is hush'd in sleep,
No bird sweetly singing ;
Soon from nest the lark will creep
And sing, heav'nward winging

Though the hamlet is dead still,
No children seen a-playing ;
Soon will ring the wood and hill
With their shouts while straying.

Though the field is empty now,
Men and beasts all resting ;
Soon will harrow and the plough
Morning hours be wasting.

Day is dawning. O'er the hills
Golden light is streaming ;
Rivers, lakes, and sparkling rills
With it bright are gleaming.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Onward glides with stealthy flight
 Year after year,
Making dark things bright, the bright—
 Vacant and drear.

Bold and brave, and faint and weak,
 Have passed away,
From out this world dark and bleak,
 To endless day.

Rich and poor at Death's command
 Gave up their all,
And flew from this dreary land,
 Free from sin's thrall.

Some did battle bold and long
 Death to defy,
But soon Death's barb'd arrow strong
 Low made them lie.

Some upon the height of fame
 Boldly did rise,
And emblazoned bright their name
 To the world's eyes.

Others with less courageous might
 Stood in the plain,
Fearing to enter fame's fight
 Victory to gain.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

I love to stroll in pensive mood
 Adown the dell,
 And list the roaring of the flood
 That echoes and re-echoes in the gale.

I love to wander o'er the plain
 At early morn,
 To view the fields of springing grain,
 And breathe perfume by zephyrs borne.

I love to walk by stream and rill
 At dewy eve,
 While merles loudly, sweetly trill
 A psalm of joy to those that grieve.

I love all these—yes, love them well,
 I must declare,
 But best love I to cross the dell
 To yon churchyard so lone and bare.

There, 'neath the mossy time-worn stones,
 In silence deep,
 Mould'ring to dust the flesh and bones
 Of old and young in breathless sleep.

'Mong them my school-mates whom I lov'd,
 My old loves too,
 My friends, whose friendship strong was prov'd,
 Long since laid there hid from my view.

At times I think an old friend's voice
 Sounds in my ear,
 Or I see old lov'd ones rejoice,
 As was there wont when I was near.

Yes, whiles I think an old friend grips
 Again my hand,
 And I hear flowing from their lips
 Kind words as by their graves I stand.

A-musing there, from life apart,
 Oft wonder I
 If they can hear my throbbing heart—
 See my sad look and tearful eye.

Oh, old churchyard ! I love to spend
 In you a while,
 Though oft my heart is like to rend
 At thought of some lost loving smile.

Oh, old churchyard ! In you I hear
 In thy calm air
 The words soft whisper'd in mine ear,
 "Life here is short, *prepare, prepare !*"

WHEN YOUNG.

When young, dear wife, we aften ran
 By burn, stream, an' fountain,
 An' search'd for hours, for bonnie floo'rs,
 Ilk brae, an' hill, an' mountain ;
 An' in the woods an' shaggy glens,
 Whaur grew the fern an' heather,
 Richt happy days, an' pleasant says,
 We baith hae had together.

But noo, dear wife, we canna rin,
 We're bent wi' age an' care,
 The 'lotted span that's promis'd man
 We baith hae seen an' mair ;

Yet though we ne'er again may rin
 By mountain side or river,
 Oor pleasant days, on bank and braes,
 We shall forget them never.

*THE STRYPIC. **

SCOTCH TRANSLATION OF A POEM FROM THE FRENCH OF
 THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Frae oot 'mong stanes far up a hill
 A sparklin' strypie ran oot ever,
 An' nicht an' day wi' silvery trill,
 Its couthy sangie stopit never.

This was the sang it sung itsel—
 "Delicht is mine in great galore ;
 I never thocht, I may weel tell,
 There was sic joy for me in store.

"Noo sunshine sparkles on me bricht
 As doon ilk green bankside I glide ;
 And mak's me feel oh e'er sae licht,
 My sma' bit sorrows a' deride.

"The 'blue forget-me-nots' which grow
 On ilka side the course I tak',
 Keep ever sayin' as I row,
 'Remember me, you'll nae be back.'

"The draigon flees on gaudy wings
 Flee up and down me a' the day,
 Whiles licht they on a branch that swings
 Abane me, fu' o' blossom gay.

* Scotch for rivulet, brooklet, or rill.

“Wee birdies come an’ drink my cup,
 Syne flee an’ pipe upon the tree ;
 As I rin on an’ never stop,
 Past many a wood, an’ dale, an’ lea.

“That I’ll become a muckle stream,
 Oh think I aft within mysel ;
 As I rush doon wi’ silvery gleam
 Past places whaur I lang could dwell.

“And ere I reach the roarin’ sea,
 Bridges shall span me, quays divide ;
 And on me stately ships shall be
 That sail to countries far an’ wide.”

But carlin’ death, the ruthless chiel,
 For auld an’ young waits aye to maw ;
 The Titan child in lordly beil
 Without a grudge he tak’s awa’.

So loupin’ lauchin’ till itsell,
 The strypie wymples on its way,
 Till ower a stane it quickly fell
 Into a loch, thus ent its day.

N.B.—The foregoing verses are not a literal translation, a matter almost of impossibility to give in our national tongue, but all the conceptions are given to the best of the writer’s ability.

WHEN THE SUN RISES.

When the sun rises, hills and vales
 Their shrouds of night
 Unfold, and the lingering star pales
 As brighter grows the golden light.

Birds from every field and tree,
 In joyous strain
 Pour out their songs of love and glee,
 Re-echoing over hill and plain.

Flowers shake off their dewy sleep,
 And ope their eyes,
 When down upon them smile the deep
 Blue cloudlets, sunny, morning skies.

Zephyrs blow softly from the west
 Over the plain,
 And cattle from their sheds of rest
 Wend slowly out to graze again.

WHEN THE SUN SETS.

When the sun sets in pink and gold
 Behind the hills,
 The herds go wending to their fold
 From flow'ry fields and sparkling rills.

The birds that sang the live-long day
 So sweet and clear,
 Go roosting on some leafy spray
 Till morning's rosy beams appear.

The flowers close their petal'd eyes
 And go to sleep
 Under the weight of the mists that rise
 O'er wood and dell, and mountains steep.

Zephyrs, that all day from the west
 Shook trees and corn,
 Die, till the kiss of the sun is prest
 Again on the brow of the morn.

HOPE ON!

True Hope ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

—*Shakespeare.*

When clouds of misfortune dark as night
 Above thee lie,
 And not the faintest gleam of light
 Shines on thee through the murky sky,
 O sigh not nor moan,
 For soon the darkness may turn bright
 If thou wouldst but Hope on !

Though much thou art with grief oppress'd
 And sore cast down,
 Bear not the look of one distress'd
 Nor have upon thy face a frown.
 Bright as sun e'er shone
 Let thy look be : Grief will not rest
 On thee for aye. Hope on !

Should ever old friends thee forget,
 And dear ones prove
 False to ev'ry vow they made, yet
 Loose not for them, I pray, thy love.
 Though their friendship's flown,
 It may return, so do not fret
 But bear all, and Hope on.

Yield not thyself unto despair !
 Let come what may,
 Hope on ! Through every trial and care,
 Though much bent down by fate's proud sway,
 Soon, soon will be gone
 All earthly sorrow, therefore ne'er
 Be hopeless, but Hope on !

IN SPITE OF ALL I'LL SING.

In spite of all, a gay refrain
 I will attempt to sing,
 And when I strike a happy strain
 My troubles may take wing.

Tossed, like to ships on stormy sea
 When winds blow fierce and loud,
 Our lives at times appear to be
 Without one cheering cloud.

But I no longer mean to mourn
 At my sad, luckless lot,
 For wealth nor fame, howe'er we turn,
 By grieving can be got.

I'll tune my harp and sweetly sing
 As birds in greenwood tree,
 Though fortune frowns, and everything
 Be comfortless to me.

AT THE PIER-HEAD.

Yesterday I stood at the pier-head,
 Watching vessels put out to sea ;
 Spreading their great white sails to the wind
 That blew from the west lazily.

There were "full rigs," and barques, and schooners
 And steamers, and sloops with one mast ;
 But what took my fancy the greatest
 Was a tiny boat as it sailed past.

Away it skipt into the ocean,
 Passing round the more stately ship,
 While I thought as I stood there awatching
 'Twould be lost every time at the "dip".

But it mounted the next wave lightly,
 And onward its course went flying,
 Swift as a bird, when it's home-bound,
 As the light of day quick is dying.

On, on, it sailed to the far distance,
 'Till 'twas wholly hid from my view—
 Melted away in the horizon,
 Where the sea met the heavens of blue.

Ah! I thought as it vanished from my sight,
 And never once appeared again,
 How like is a life to that small boat
 Sailing over the rough crested main.

Life is toss'd and buffeted night and day,
 In the sea of trouble and care.
 And at times quite engulfed in the waves
 Of deepest and darkest despair.

But, boat-like on the waves, it rises
 O'er the roughest troubles that be
 To sink deep down again, and again,
 In the "trough" of an irate sea.

On, on! one day up, the next day down,
 Till sweet rest is found in the grave;
 The grave is the horizon where is hid
 Every life of earth that were brave.

DARLING'S HAIR.

Ah ! this lock of my darling's hair,
 Tied up with a blue silken string,
 Carefully kept with a mother's care,
 Though it looks but a simple thing.

Though only a lock I prize it much,
 As a miser prizes his gold,
 It's all I have left to kiss and touch,
 Of my darling in days of old.

It's five long years and more since we laid
 Him down in his little cold grave,
 Where the marble cross stands over his head,
 And white lilies o'er him wave.

THE SONG OF THE LARK.

I left the dull city and stole to the fields,
 For I knew well that spring was come,
 When I heard the sound of the birds in the woods,
 And the bumble-bees' joyful hum.

I gathered a bunch of primroses which grew
 On the bank of a babbling brook,
 That wound its way down the dark mountain side
 To the valley, with many a crook.

As I held in my hand the primroses sweet,
 And gazed on the brook babbling bye,
 I heard singing clearly, far up in the air,
 A lark at a sweet melody.

And this was the song which the lark loudly sang,
 Far up in the blue cloudless sky,
 Till the rocks in the valley with echoes rang,
 Mingling sweet with the brook's lullaby :—

Again the season that awakes.
 To life the flower and tree,
 Has come, and dreary winter shakes
 Her garments from the lea.

Fair spring soon shows a wondrous change
 In forest, field, and air,
 For subtle influences strange
 Work wonders ev'rywhere.

The dormant flowers and blades of grass
 Spring up in wood and plain,
 And beasts and birds from torpor pass
 To joyous life again.

When spring comes with balmy breath
 And green budding groves,
 We little birds, in grateful mirth,
 Sing ditties to our loves.

O there's a potent charm in Spring,
 And little birds it feel,
 So wonder not, men, why we sing,
 When it o'er earth does steal.

In rapture I stood while the lark sang on
 Its song in the fresh clear air,
 And my mind took flight to days now long gone—
 The happier days that in life I have known—
 Full of pleasure beyond compare.

Till down on the daisy-deck'd verdant lea
 The lark had flown to its nest,
 I stood, longing much that I could but be
 As happy's the lark, and from sin as free,
 For if such were the case I'd be blest.

CARMEN AUTUMNALIS.

In the fading of the daylight
 By the river side I strayed,
 When the chilly autumn weather
 Had a leafy carpet laid ;
 And I heard the river murmuring,
 As it slowly roll'd along
 'Tween hills and fertile valleys,
 This dreary Autumn song :—

“Wild Autumn winds are blowing
 Loudly all the day,
 And fields and wood are showing
 Fair Autumn's had her stay ;
 And in the wood,
 In plaintive mood,
 Poor robin pipes his lay.

“Wild Autumn winds are blowing
 Over hill and glen,
 Where late and ear' heard crowing
 Are moorcock and moorhen ;
 But ne'er the sound
 The glens around
 Of linties' joyous strain.

"Wild Autumn winds are blowing
 With dull and eerie moan,
 And every day is showing
 Bright summer days are gone,
 And flowers fair
 Now everywhere
 Lie dead in places lone."

When that ditty had been sung me
 Darkness had the thicker set,
 And foreboding clouds above me
 Plainly told of coming wet ;
 And I dreading soon a rainfall
 Hurried from the river side
 To my home and quiet study,
 There to think "*How time doth glide*".

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

"The happiest sight on earth to me
 Is old age living pleasedly."

An old man sat in an arm chair
 Humming himself a song,
 As if he had neither thought nor care
 How the world went along.

Furrowed and weathered was his brow,
 His small eyes weak and dim ;
 Sunken and pale his cheeks were too,
 And shrunken was each limb.

He looked as he hummed in his easy chair—
 Contented like, I trow—
 As robin in the forest bare
 Singing dull winter through.

Oh! the words he hummed were cheering—
 I caught but the refrain—
 That “day to day he was nearing
 The land he longed to gain”.

FALSE LOVE.

She said she loved me, and her word
 I did believe.
 To do it was a thing absurd;
 For being so foolish I must grieve.
 The dreams I dreamt of perfect love
 Have all departed.
 She loves me not all else above,
 She loves me only just half-hearted.

O, had the love-god whisperèd,
 “The Fates decree
 That she, your much-adored maid,
 Shall not you love with constancy,”
 Then in this strain I would have sung,
 While she was near;
 And who knows but her heart so young
 Might have been changed to love me dear :—

“Though you to me have proved unkind,
 And dash’d my hopes away,
 A sweetheart kind I soon will find
 Who’ll love me true away.

"Though showers of evil-hap may fall,
 They'll not her vows erase,
 Nor change of friends, nor change of scene,
 Her love for me deface,
 So goodbye, love, goodbye to you ;
 We part to meet no more !
 Soon I will find a sweetheart kind
 Who'll love me and adore.

" If I offend her, she'll forgive,
 And pass me smiling o'er ;
 She'll not offences slight let live
 Within her bosom's core.
 And though I wander far o'er seas,
 Or roam from pole to zone,
 She'll still declare, come weel or woe,
 She clings to me alone.
 So goodbye love, goodbye to you ;
 We part to meet no more ;
 Soon I will find this sweetheart kind
 Who'll love me and adore."

SILENT WORDS.

When Cupid steals, the cunning rogue,
 Among unwary hearts,
 He noiselessly and with effect
 Strikes with his dart.

Those whom he strikes, the youth and maid,
 For hours clasp'd hand in hand
 Will stand and feel their tongues the while
 Bound with a band.

Though not a word between them pass
 Their love grows none the less ;
 'Tis strengthened by the silent clasp
 And fond embrace.

So thus 'tis found that silent words
 Are often powerful more
 Than phrases used with voice as loud
 As ocean roar.

A SIMPLE TALE OF A MAID.

"Oh, woe is me !" said a weeping maid,
 As she watch'd the foaming sea,
 "'Twere better by far that I was dead
 Than to suffer this misery ;
 The merry birds in the fields and grove
 To music they set their glee,
 While I must mourn for the *one* I love,
 And upbraid the cruel sea.

I remember when he kiss'd my cheek
 With love sparkling in his eye,
 He said—' Ne'er was maid so fair and meek
 In the wide, wide world than I ;
 That my skin was fair as the lily rare,
 My eyes were hyacinth blue ;
 My breath was sweet as the primrose neat
 And my cheeks were a rosy hue '."

While the maid thus mus'd by the heaving tide
 Over her long, lost lover,
 A bird sprang up near by her side,
 And sang with joy above her.

And as it sang its sweet, merry song
 She seemed to hear it say—
 “Be calm, dear maid, thy lover’s not dead,
 He comes on another day”.

This gave more rest to her heaving breast,
 For she thought the bird told true.
 And she pray’d that night to the God of might
 For the bird and her lover too.
 And the ’morrow brought the look’d for ship
 All safe from across the sea ;
 And the maid, so gay in her best array,
 Sang, “ My love’s return’d to me ”.

INCONSTANCY.—A BALLAD.

Thou wast, O maiden, all my thought,
 Than thee no hope had I ;
 My very life was in thy love ;
 Why didst thou from me fly ?

The sailor’s loyal to his flag,
 Upon the changing sea ;
 The soldier to his banner gay,
 Wherever he may be.

The bird is constant to its nest,
 Tho’ far it fly away :
 The bee also unto its hive
 Returns at close of day.

The sun is steadfast to the earth,
 Refusing not his light ;
 The moon—pale moon—has never yet
 Withheld its ray at night.

The stars have always twinkling been
 From out the heavens above ;
 The one inconstant thing I know
 Has been to me thy love.

It was, at first, all pure and bright,
 Like to the rainbow's hue ;
 And as the rainbow on the cloud,
 It vanish'd soon from view.

WANTED.

Wanted a maiden, now to join,
 Join for ever,
 Her hand and heart with those of mine,
 Till but death's cold stroke doth us sever.

Wanted the maiden, fond and true,
 Handsome—not silly,
 Eyes either hazel, black, or blue ;
 Cheeks like a rose, brow like a lily.

Wanted the maiden, glad and free,
 Graceful in form,
 Who talks and laughs aye harmlessly,
 And *never* once falls out in a storm.

Wanted the maiden, thoughtful and kind,
 Patient and calm ;
 Tender of heart and gentle of mind,
 Whose voice can soothe like a healing balm.

Wanted the maiden, bold and brave,
 Modest and pure,
 Who'll strive aye me to shield and save,
 And meekly each cross of this life endure.

Wanted the maiden, of any size,
 Able to bring
 A thousand or two ; and likewise
 One able to work, read, play, and sing.

The maiden possessed of all above
 Can win my hand,
 And get in return deep-hearted love
 From one *minus* either cash or land.

LONG AGO.

Long ago, a maid of beauty
 Was my object of delight ;
 And her sweet and lovely vision
 Hovered round me day and night.

Long ago, that maid did greet me
 With the dearest, sweetest love ;
 And her eyes kept watching o'er me
 With the fondness of a dove.

Long ago, that maid of beauty
 Promis'd *truly* to be mine ;
 And she oft-times whisper'd sweetly,
 “ Dear, my hand and heart are thine ”.

But now, I must confess it,
 I stand at the shrine of woe,
 For that lovely maid of beauty
 Has forgot me, long ago !

VERSES ON FINDING A PANSY.

What's this I've found roll'd up so neat
 In paper white,
 And having faint a fragrance sweet
 Of flowers, if I distinguish right ?

I will undo the binding string,
 For I suppose
 It's but a stud, or pin, or ring
 I have laid past, when, goodness knows !

The string's untied ! but what I hold
 Within my hand
 Is neither stud, nor ring of gold,
 And yet it makes me pensive stand.

It is a pretty dead pansee
 Press'd smoothly out,
 Which years ago was given to me
 As a token of true love, no doubt.

It means "You occupy my thoughts,"
 Yet I declare
 No recollection in me floats
 Of how or when I laid it there.

Doubtlessly some dear young ladye love,
 Whose love was free,
 Gave or sent it that she might prove
 Her thoughts were centred all in me

Whoe'er she was or what she is
 Now I know not,
 Although perhaps a thousand kisses
 From her I may—yes, may have got.

I'll not destroy it, no ! I'll fold
 It up again ;
 Who knows but yet I may behold
 The giver, though changed much since then.

O time is like to Summer showers !
 When past—forgot,
 And happiness of youthful hours
 Like dreams, soon, soon remember'd—not.



WHAT A MILE-STONE SAYS.

As I stand alone by the roadside,
 The summer and winter through,
 I'm look'd upon with an eye of pride,
 And often with sorrow too.

All those whose journey I almost end
 They pass me cheerfully by,
 And ne'er a minute with me they'll spend,
 Nor towards me cast an eye.

But the traveller weary and foot sore,
 With scarce half his journey through,
 Will rest on me a while, and muse o'er
 The distance he's yet to do.

Through summer and winter's heat and cold
 I'm a source of joy and woe,
 To the rich and poor, the young and old,
 Who journeying past me go.

And I also teach them this lesson,
 As past me they journey on,
 "Trusty and true my duty I do
 Though only a small mile-stone".

THE YEAR.

Another year is fleeting past
 With quick meteoric flight,
 And soon in everlasting gloom
 Will hide its quiv'ring light.

It tells us on life's rugged road
 Another mile-stone's past,
 And who can know or tell—save God—
 But it may be our last?

How many since the *last* New Year,
 Who were *then* strong in life,
 Lie silent now within their tomb
 Free from all worldly strife?

Ah ! life is but a tiny leaf
 Fast with'ring to decay ;
 And is at best but as the brief
 Light of a winter's day.

SMA' THINGS ARE AFT A PLAGUE.

As through this warld ye gang, my friens',
 Wi' a' its force and life,
 Ye'll note sma' things frae which there springs
 Much uneasiness and strife,
 Which could easily be avoided
 If folk would carefu' be,
 An' never say an *aye* or *nay*
 When "aye" or "nay" 's a lee.

Gin a nei'bour should a favour
 Ask o' ye pleadingly,
 Grant the request wi' will and haste
 If it ye mean to dae ;
 But gin it be beyond your pow'r,
 Deny't without deceit,
 An' dinna say, in slov'nly way,
 "O ay, a'll maybe do't".

Whate'er ye mean to say or dae,
 Nae maitter when or where,
 Dae't aye, I pray, be't what it may,
 Without a grudgin' air,
 For, min' it is very gallin',
 An' mak's the bluid stan' still,
 To gie ane that careless answer,
 "Ye maybe, maybe will".

DICHT YOUR EEN, MY WIFIE.

Raise up your heid, my wifie, dear,
 And dinna greet nae mair,
 Although the warl' in oor auld age
 Has turned oot cauld and bare ;
 For we still hae Ane abune us
 Wha hisna tint His love.
 Nor winna, wifie, till He tak's
 Us hame tae live above.

Oor dearest fricn's hae left us—
 Fricn's wha to us were kin',
 And oor ain dear bairns are scattered
 To the four airts o' the win'.
 Oh ! there's nane wi' hae, my wifie,
 To dae's an act o' love,
 Save God, wha will, until He tak's
 Us hame tae live above.

Noo, dicht your e'en, my wifie, dear ;
 I dinna like to see
 You sittin' in your auld airm chair
 Wi' tear-drops in ilk e'e.
 Black tho' life looks in oor auld age
 Without a spark o' love,
 Lat's be content till God does tak'
 Us hame to live above.

GRANNY'S THACKIT HOOSE.

Upon a knoll, beneath a hill,
 Whaur a' was fresh an' fair,
 Whaur late an' ear' there ever blew
 The fine refreshin' air;
 Nae distance frae a thick, dark wood
 O' stately fir an' spruce;
 An' just beside a babblin' burn,
 Stood granny's thackit hoose.

Before the door an auld kale yaird,
 Wherein grew willow trees
 That sough'd an' sigh'd baith day an' nicht
 Hooever saft the breeze.
 A stock o' thrivin' ivy grew,
 Wi' spangles lang an' loose,
 Alang the dyke, an' up the wa's
 O' granny's thackit hoose.

The purple heather, buirdly thistle,
 The yellow whin' an' broom,
 Sent roun' the hoose an odour sweet
 In simmer when in bloom.
 The pairtrick, muircock, an' peewet,
 The snipe, the craik, an' goose,
 Were ever fleein' roun about
 Auld granny's thackit house.

But noo auld granny's gane abune,
 The hoose is clear'd awa',
 Whaur stood the dyke an' willow trees,
 There's nae a trace ava.

An' nicht an' day abune the spot
 The wild birds craw fu' croose ;
 Nae ane would dream that ever there
 Stood granny's thackit hoose.

THE SMILE OF MORN.

When'er the smile of morn illumines the hills,
 And gilds the glassy sea,
 Each songster's breast it fills
 With sweetest melody.

The larks begin to sing their merry song,
 High in the cloudless sky ;
 And blackbirds, loud and long,
 Pipe on the hedgerows high.

And linties 'mong the yellow whins and broom,
 Beside the dewy lea,
 Where violets sweetly bloom,
 Pour forth their songs of glee.

And the pretty flowers we love so well,
 Drooping with dewdrops wet,
 Ope up each lovely cell
 They closed at sunset.

Anon, lazy cattle, from the steadings, pass
 Down to the fields or dell,
 To feed on dewy grass
 They love exceeding well.

And sons of toil, with sun-burned faces,
 Walk with a happy smile
 To their respective places
 Their needs must daily toil.

A RETROSPECT.

Around the basement of the hill
 With sullen roar,
 The river flows in grandeur still
 As it was wont in days of yore.

From midst the murm'ring spreading trees
 A joyful song
 Is, as of old, with every breeze
 Borne softly and sweetly along.

O'er dell and plain, and hillside dun
 The sunny flow'rs
 Bloom lovely, as when I did run
 Amongst them in my childhood hours.

The summer sun is shining bright
 O'er hill and wood,
 And the herds graze from morn till night
 In the same old quite solitude.

All these I see ! But where's my love
 I left so bright ?
 Ah, she's in realms of light above,
 And left me in this world of night.

"LET ME TO THE HILLS."

Oh let me out the city to the hills,
 Heath-clad and gemmed with dew,
 That I may stray beside the springs and rills
 Or lounge beneath the yew !

I love the stillness of the languid air,
 I love the lilac sky ;
 I love to watch across the sun's bright glare
 The feathered songsters fly.

I love the flowers, the grasses green,
 Which beautify the sod ;
 I love them dearly, for in them is seen
 The image of our God.

I love the hills, those hills so wondrous high,
 The rocks, both red and grey ;
 I love the heath—the heath of purple dye—
 The moss which decks the brae.

I love to watch at morn the red sun rise
 From out the east 'mong mist ;
 I love to see it set as homeward flies
 The birds unto their nest.

So let me out the city to the hills !
 Why keep me lying here ?
 I am weak and lonely, and it fills
 My heart with thoughts so drear.

Ah yes ! oft up before me scenes do rise—
 Scenes pass'd in days of yore,
 Which bring tears of joy into my eyes
 As on them I think o'er.

Though fancy o'er me has her sway,
 With me holds communion sweet,
 She never wholly takes my mind away,
 Or makes my joy complete.

Oh ! much I long the hills this summer time
 To see in beauty dress'd,
 And breathe the fragrant air as up I climb
 To reach their misty crest.

Howe'er, I will not grieve, tho' I'd the tear
 To ease my heart let flow ;
 But plead with Him who does at all times hear
 My cry and mercies show.

WOMAN'S SWEETNESS.

No woman, if she would be wise,
 Should fight to look too sweet,
 For if she does she will be teas'd
 By fops whom she may meet.

It never does to smear too much
 With honey—wisdom shows—
 Else insects come and sip it up,
 So long the sweetness flows.

But when the honey's all dried up
 The insects buzzing fly,
 And fops fly off from woman sweet
 When sweetness dares to dry.

TO AN OLD LADY-LOVE.

While softly does the river glide
 Doon frae the misty mountain side,
 Past woods and fields fu' mony,
 Where flowers are blooming fresh and fair
 Ladening wi' fragrant scents the air
 Which might be lo'd by ony ;
 And while the cheerie sangs o' glee
 Frae birds amang the trees
 Commingle, as they aften dae,
 Wi' hum o' bumble bees,
 Forget ne'er thy face fair,
 Lass, I will never dae,
 Till cauld death tak's my breath
 And shuts for aye my e'e.

Oh, often lass in daily walk
 I think I hear ye sweetly talk
 Or tell some queer bit story ;
 I see fu' oft your sparklin' e'en,
 Whase glance was aye so true and keen,
 Just lookin' me afore aye ;
 And whiles I think ye sing ; I hear
 The sangs ye aften sung,
 As "Rothsay Bay," "Sweet Annie, Dear,"
 When you and I were young.
 So think nae, nor wink nae,
 When this I tell to you,
 'Twad cheer me, 'twad rear me—
 To pree again yer moo.

Fegs, lass I think we baith were daft,
 This hae I thocht, and that richt aft,
 To strive as we hae deen, lass,

About a frievless thing, I'm sure,
 Which baith might just hae lookit ower,
 Or, in ither words, "loot pass".
 But na ! we baith were fu' o' pride,
 And nane would daur to boo ;
 So a' oor plights were thrown aside
 Wi' vara sma' adoo.
 No wailin' or railin'
 E'er pass'd atween at a' ;
 We pairtit brave hairtit,
 O'er tears in dark tae fa'.

So on through life we baith maun trudge,
 Among its sunbeams and its smudge,
 In different paths, dear lassie,
 Unless it be the Pooers abune
 Atween us yet should intervene,
 And into Cupid's tassie
 Again gar's drink wi' a' the bliss
 We did in days gone by,
 When naething ever came amiss
 To pain or mak' us sigh.
 So I pray the day may
 Not far distant be
 When we shall in love's thrall
 United be wi' glee.

LOOKIN' BACK.

Langsyne, when life was young wi' me
 My hairt was hale as hale could be,
 Without a care ava',
 Till ance I met a lassie fair,

Wi' bonnie face and raven hair,
 Wha stole my peace awa'.
 Her rosy lips and love-lit e'en
 Were ever in my min',
 And ne'er could I frae morn to e'en
 The lassie's sweet face tyne.
 Day and nicht, dark and licht,
 In my min' I saw her,
 Sae sweet like, and neat like,
 Growin' aye the brawer.

So ae bricht, bonnie simmer day
 I cuist mysel' athort her way
 Wi' full intent to woo;
 And as I passed I saftly said,
 "I hope yer weel my pretty maid,
 As am mysel' the noo,"
 She smil'd fu' sweet, her head hung doon
 (I kent her hairt had flown),
 And said tae me, in tim'rous tune,
 "Am weel, sir, I maun own".
 Wi' guid will, I stood still,
 Syne slippit to her near,
 And kiss'd her, and bless'd her,
 And ca'd her my sweet dear.

Noo fifty years she's been my wife,
 The joy and pleasure o' my life
 In ilka trial an care.
 Her rosy cheeks are withered noo,
 And wrinkled is her bonnie broo,
 And silver grey her hair,
 But tho' she's auld she still is mine,
 And dearer is in truth,

For rarer beauties frae her shine
 Than glammer'd me in youth.
 I still pat, and still daut,
 And ca' her my dearie,
 My love yet, my dove yet,
 My ain wife sae cheerie.

THE BURNIE.

Frae oot amang the lofty hills,
 Whaur mist aye hovers roun',
 Leapin', splashin', foam'in', dashin',
 A burn came rinnin' doun ;
 Through wood an' dale an' glassy lea
 It murmur'd an' it sang ;
 Whaur primrose sweet, an' daisy neat,
 Grew its grassy banks along.

Ah, weel I min' upon that burn,
 In years noo lang gane bye,
 Where lots o' pranks upon its banks,
 I play'd when herdin' kye ;
 An' hoo sae gay I aft did stray,
 When a' was fresh an' green ;
 Alang that burn, roun' every turn,
 Coortin' my lovely Jean.

OLD MEMORIES.

You promised me, wife, long years ago
 When youth was on your side,
 To be my own, and you kept your vow,
 And were unto me a bride.

The years that have fled since then away,
 As you know, my darling wife,
 We've mixed with the bright and cloudy days,
 That hover o'er every life.

But, like the brave good wife you are,
 When dark clouds o'er us hung;
 You silently prayed for the clouds to lift,
 And this cheering song you sung—

I.

“Tho' dark is the life we have to bear,
 And oor comforts unco sma',
 We sanna lose heart, nor yet despair—
 The Lord wisely ordereth a'.

II.

“We canna expect the sun's bright rays
 Abune us daily will fa';
 But the bricht we'll get aye with the haze—
 The Lord wisely ordereth a'.

III.

“Nature, hersel', has her sorrow deep
 In winter when fa's the snaw;
 But she smiles again when spring days peep—
 The Lord wisely ordereth a'.

IV.

“So pit ye’re luif, guideman, in mine,
 Lat’s smile oor sorrow awa’,
 We werna’ made like the brute to whine—
 The Lord wisely ordereth a’.”

So I think, dear wife, as I sit here,
 Now close by your old arm chair;
 Kind was the Lord to give unto me
 A wife of so tenderly care.
 And tho’ now your eyes have lost their hue,
 And your cheeks the rose’s bloom
 They had in the years long passed away,
 When you ran among the broom,
 I love you the same, and ever will,
 Till laid in the silent tomb.
 For the Lord wisely ordereth everything,
 I find as through life I go,
 And there’s joy to-night within my heart,
 Which has not an outward flow.

AITMEAL BROSE.

“O bring tae me a bowl o’ brose,
 They’re the thing tae full the hose.”
 — *Old Song.*

Ye city callants, ane an’ a’,
 Wi’ white-wash’d face an’ shankies sma’,
 I weel believe ye’ll snuff and blaw,
 Wi’ turn’d up nose,
 When ye begin this line or twa
 ’Bout aitmeal brose.

But though ye snuff an' thraw yer mou'
 Until yer face turns black an' blue,
 Ye sanna make me change, I trew,
 My sang jocose,
 Because its facts I'll tell to you
 'Bout aitmeal brose.

Auld Scotland's sons, the bold and brave !
 Wha stood an' foucht on land an' wave,
 That they might never be a slave
 To foreign foes,
 Were fed frae cradle to the grave
 On aitmeal brose.

O ne'er was seen sic men as they,
 When a' were up in battle array
 Tae gar the foe flee fast away,
 When fell their blows,
 This was because their food was aye
 Guid aitmeal brose.

And look ye at the plooman chiel,
 Wi' back and muscle strong as steel,
 Is nae he a healthier deil
 Than ony o's ?
 Weel, that's because he likes fu' weel
 His aitmeal brose.

Noo, a' wha fain would healthy be,
 And save mony a doctor's fee,
 Should stop half o' their bun and tea
 And take a dose
 Ilk mornin' e'er to wark they gae
 O' aitmea brose.

POSTING A LETTER.

'Twas but a small sheet of paper
 With hieroglyphics a few,
 Shut into a neat square envelope,
 I into the post box threw.

I dropt it in without one thought
 Of the sorrow it may bring,
 The recipient—a maiden young—
 God grant strength to bear, poor thing.

I fancy I see her receive it,
 And open with face all aglow,
 And look like that of a general,
 Eager how the battle will go.

“Ah, God, he is false!” she exclaims,
 “And I thought him all my own,
 Alack a day that e’er I was born—
 My brightest hopes have flown.”

I ask from my heart her forgiveness ;
 There’s nothing more I can do,
 Since I’ve promised to marry another,
 And cannot, of course, take two.

THE REJECTED WOOER.

“I loved her true, and thought that she
 Would true and faithful prove to me,”
 Spake out a wooer, in anger sore,
 As he the following lines read o’er :—

TO HER I LOVE.

"Thou art the maiden of my choice,
 The one I love,
 And in thy praise I'll raise my voice,
 Dear maid, wherever I may rove.
 Than thou there is no maid more fair
 In face I see ;
 And in all truth do I declare
 Thou art as fair as fair need be.

"Thou hast got two bright love-lit eyes,
 That ever shine
 Out clear, like stars up in the skies ;
 Of perfect beauty they're a mine.
 And thou hast too a form quite neat,
 A dainty hand,
 A sylph-like waist, two tiny feet—
 Where are their match ? Not in the land.

"Oh, how I love to think of thee,
 My dear sweet belle !
 For in thy face and form I see
 More beauty than mere words can tell.
 To think of thee calms down my breast
 When cares annoy,
 For thou the dearest and the best
 Of maids fillest my heart with joy."

"Oh, did I think when that I wrote
 That she would say 'she loved me not,'"
 He cried, as in his passion dire
 He threw the sad lines in the fire.

His passion ceas'd, and then he said,
 "Ah, well, my fickle, fickle maid,
 If 'tis thy wish that we should part,
 Shall I say *nay*? No! bless my heart.

"It struck me faint last time we met
 Thou wert not as thou wert of yore;
 Conceited smiles play'd on your lips
 I never had observed before.
 When shaking hands thy finger tips
 Merely touch'd mine, and nothing more.

"I thought thy kind familiar voice
 Had lost its sweet and silv'ry tone,
 Thy sparkling eyes of hazel hue
 Had somehow very different grown;
 Yes, thy whole manner through and through
 Was odd from what was *once* thine own.

"I did, in truth, take note of these
 Last time we met, but loath was I
 To let such thoughts within my breast
 Of her I loved one moment lie;
 To vent them not I thought was best,
 And struggled hard to make them fly."

After this he sat him down and wrote
 A short but rather fiery note
 To her whom he thought "leal and kind,"
 Saying, "to trust her he was blind,
 And made himself a silly fool;
 For women all are as a rule
 Proud, deceitful, haughty creatures,
 With nothing good but skin and features".

*SANDY'S PRAYER FOR A CHANGE O'
WEATHER.*

Oh, Thou, the King o' rich an' puir,
Wha guides them a' frae year tae year,
Yer servant Sandy's prayer hear,
 An' stop the rain,
Or man an' beast will starve, I fear,
 For want o' grain.

In spring the drooth was lang an' sair,
The hills an' dells were maist brunt bare,
An' horse an' kye, ance fat an' fair,
 Grew skin an' bane,
For want o' meat an' fine spring air,
 Sair tae be seen.

But praise be Thine, O God, the rain
Ance mair fell saft ower hill an' plain,
An' girse an' trees grew green again
 Wi' präcious shoors;
An' syne did sprout the blessed grain
 An' bonnie floors.

An' while the rain it saftly fell,
Ower hauch an' muir, an' hill an' dell,
An' girse an' grain grew fast an' well,
 Ower a' the lan',
Hoo prood we were, nae speech could tell,
 Frae mortal man.

But God, Thou ken'st, without my say,
The rain since then has fa'in alway
Without devaul baith nicht an' day,

Ower hill an' plain,
Till fairly rotten is the hay
Likewise the grain.

Sae God, grant Thou this sma' request,
Sen' tae us weather o' the best,
Wi' baulmy breezes frae the west,
An' bricht sunshine,
An' Thou, O God, shall e'er be blest
By me an' mine.

We own, O God, wi' cast doon face,
We've been a thankless, godless race,
Aye cryin' oot in great distress,
Frae year tae year ;
But it's because we lack Thy grace,
O God, I fear.

We thank Thee for Thy blissin's great
Thou'rt daily layin' at oor gate,
Tho' only beings o' sma' estate
Compared wi' Thee ;
Mak' Thou us ready tae await
The day we dee.

Bless Thou oor noble gracious Queen,
Bless a' the guid she's said an' deen,
Grant her lang life yet tae convene,
O God, we pray,
An' when death comes tak her abune
With Thee alway.

Bless Thou ilk statesman an' M.P.,
Ilk provost, and ilk bailie tae,
Gie them wisdom, justice to gie

Tae fellow men
 Wha brak the laws, ay willinglie,
 Tho' wrang they ken.

An' grant, O God, that Russ an' Turk
 May sune stop their murd'rous work,
 An' live in peace again ;
 But if, O God, it is Thy will
 That they should fecht an' murder still,
 E'n lat that be.—Amen.

MIN' YER AIN AFFAIRS.

Ae nicht I dauner'd oot at e'en,
 Just up the street a bit,
 When past cam' drouthy Tam M'Keen
 Wi' gae unsteady fit.
 "Fine nicht," said I, as he pass'd by,
 Hicin' an' giein' stares ;
 "'Tis that," said he, while stit'rin' on,
 " But min' yer ain affairs ".

Tam hardly had gane oot o' sicht
 When past cam' Eppie Fife,
 Wi' twa blue e'en—a perfect fricht
 On ony married wife.
 When passin' by, " I doot, said I,
 Ye've fa'in doon yer stairs " ;
 " Imphum," said she, " fat's that tae you ?
 Just min' yer ain affairs ".

The next that pass'd was Wattie Broon,
 A souter chiel by trade ;
 He lilted ower an auld Scotch tune
 'Bout some sweet hielan' maid.

When passin' by, "Ha, ha!" said I,
 "Ye ken the auld Scotch airs,"
 "O, ay," said he, wi' turn'd-up nose,
 "But min' yer ain affairs".

An' syne I met young Kitty White—
 A rosy cheeked lass—
 Dress'd up fu' gay, an' smilin' bright,
 Wi' een like bits o' glass.
 "Oh, Kate!" said I, "yer lookin' spry,
 Tae kiss ye wha e'en dares?"
 Said she tae me, "I'd thank ye, sir,
 Tae min' yer ain affairs".

So, sin' that nicht, my rule has been
 Tae let a' kent folk be,
 An' speak tae nane where'er they're seen,
 Unless they speak tae me.
 For I dae find that a' mankind,
 'Tween their trials and cares,
 Hae plenty wark, baith nicht an' day,
 Tae "min' their ain affairs".

THE POET'S DILEMMA.

A poet sat musing alone in his room,
 Pale and careworn,
 With a look on his face of darkest gloom,
 For his Muse had flown, and left him forlorn.

Sore had he tried to invoke inspiration
 'Bout something grand,
 Till his eyes were dim, and with agitation
 His brain was a picture of wind among sand.

He rose from his seat with look of despair,
 And slowly said,
 As he paced back and fore with quite the air
 Of one whose reason had entirely fled :—

“ Oh, Muse ! when you favour'd me much,
 I wrote ringing rhymes by the score ;
 And the world at large admired them,
 And read and re-read them all o'er.
 But now—I don't understand it—
 I can't find a word that will rhyme,
 Though long I have sat and ponder'd
 On a subject I thought was sublime.

“ I've written, and written, and written,
 And written and written again,
 Till the wit—if I ever had any—
 Is fairly dried up in my brain,
 And the silver and gold that lin'd
 At one time my pocket so well
 Has vanish'd—and so has the desk
 Presented me by uncle Bell.

“ The watch that I got from my mother—
 I blush, though it's all truth I say—
 I pawned with the volume of sermons,
 To keep me from starving to-day.
 And only last month, I may mention,
 When my luck began to get bad,
 I sold, for the sum of ten ‘ bob,’
 The only good coat that I had.

“ All the rhyming and rhyming I've rhymed
 Never paid me my paper or ink,
 Yet some people are foolish enough
 To believe it is paying, I think.

Those who so think just should try it—
 There's nothing like being quite sure—
 I'm sure, if they try, they'll find out
 What it is to be rich and be poor.

“I can't live and starve any longer,
 If my Muse to give aid won't decide ;
 So to end all my troubles on earth,
 I will go and commit suicide.
 But before I do such a 'great deed,'
 I think 'twould be wise-like and well
 To write as my *in memoriam*
 A poem called the 'Poet's Farewell'.”

After this he sat down at his table,
 Took up his pen,
 And wrote and wrote as fast's he was able,
 Rhymes came then clatt'ring like patt'ring of rain.

Sheet after sheet, to his great admiration,
 Without a blot,
 He fill'd up so quick that his calculation,
 Was lost of the number of pages he wrote.

But he paus'd not to count or to number,
 But tore away,
 Until he—like one rous'd from deep slumber—
 Surprised was to find it had dawn'd again day.

He stopp'd, and then said, “I'll ne'er mind my threat,”
 And to bed went ;
 “For if I take my life, that 'farewell' sweet
 I'd miss the reading when it was in print.”

MORAL AND ADVICE.

Now, if there's a poet
 May feel rather annoy'd
 At sticking at some piece of rhyme,
 Let him say and decide
 To commit suicide,
 And over the matter loud chime.

Then he'll be sure to move,
 Like the poet above,
 To compassion his Muse, the proud jade ;
 And rhymes on him will pour
 As they ne'er did before—
 Surpris'd will he be at the progress he's made.

WE'RE APT TAE SLIP AN' FA'.

Since I was young I've aft been tauld
 The guid auld maxim keep,
 That bids us a' "ca' verra slow,"
 An' "look afore we leap".
 An' never try to spiel fame's brae
 By unfair means ava',
 Or than, when near the tap, ochone !
 We're apt to slip an' fa'.

The thoughtless chiel wha drives alang,
 An' means to rise in life,
 Yet disna care for richt or wrang,
 Gin he gain in the strife,

Finds oot, puir chiel, ere a' be deen,
 That fame's a slipp'ry ba',
 An' when for it we mak' a glaum,
 We're apt to slip an' fa'.

The prood, conceited, silly lass,
 Wha struts wi' heid fu' high,
 An' thinks ilk lad that daes her pass
 For her is like to die,
 Finds oot, puir lass, when a' the lads
 Wi' wives hae worn awa',
 That when at fame we mak' a glaum,
 We're apt to slip an' fa'.

So auld an' young wha fain would spiel
 The brae that leads to fame,
 Should aye "ca' slow," and study weel
 What helps to gain their aim ;
 An' lead an honest, upricht life,
 Wi' no vain look an' jaw,
 Or than when fame they try tae glaum,
 They're sure to slip an' fa'.

IF I WERE YOU.—(A DRAMATIC IDYL.)

Dramatis Personæ—A Young Man and Young Woman.

HE.

Quite true, though once you were offended,
 And the offence felt stinging too,
 I would, howe'er, endeavour *now* to mend it
 If I were you.

SHE.

If I offended, Sir, had any lady,
 E'en though not one I once loved true,
 To beg that lady's pardon I'd be ready
 If I were you.
 (She hangs her head and hums) :—
 "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows".

HE.

I would not be so proud nor mean to think
 A man such baby acts would ever do ;
 To plead forgiveness myself I would not shrink
 If I were you.
 (He, very erect, sings) :—
 "It's best to be off with the old love, before you are on with
 new".

SHE.

I would not flirt with ladies if I another
 Thought had cheeks and lips of fairest hue,
 Nor would speak lightly of her to her brother
 If I were you.

HE.

If I were you, and one as you often say,
 Whose love is truly honest through and through,
 I would not *take* offence—No ! I'd forgive to-day
 If I were you.

SHE (getting excited).

If I were you, you wicked, wicked sinner,
 I tell you, Sir, what I would do,
 I'd go and drown myself to-morrow before dinner
 If I were you.

HE (warmly).

If I were you, you silly, thoughtless thing,
 Possessed of heart of blackest hue,
 I'd by my neck to-day from some tree swing
 If I were you.

SHE (more excited).

Would I? Go from my sight you vile, vile man!
 Please never speak to me again. Adieu!

HE (with contempt).

I'd try and not my wrath so high up fan
 If I were you.

SHE (contemptuous looking).

Whose wrath is up? If you mean to say it's mine,
 Permit me, Sir, to say you misconstrue.

HE (quite snappish).

I'd tell another lie, mem, while in the line,
 If I were you.

SHE (hiding her face and weeping bitterly).

Oh me! I never thought you were so cruel.

HE (cooling down considerably).

What have I done, mem, more than you?
 You called me everything that's bad—a fool?

SHE (still weeping).

You did so too.

HE (advancing with sympathetic gesture).

Well, do you forgive all? Be a woman and say yes?

SHE (brightening up).

Yes.

HE (with arms around her neck).

Oh what foolish fools are we two.

Let us forget the past. Let's have a sweet fond kiss.

I will ; wont you ?

SHE (smiling complacently).

Yes, love ; but ere we go you promise ne'er to say

To any one what passed between's to-day.

HE (affectionately).

Darling, I do.

(Both sing) THEY KISS AND LOVE AGAIN.

Love's happy, sunny weather
 Is oft too fair to last,
 And dark stormy clouds gather,
 Till Love's sky is overcast.
 But soon the storm blows over,
 Like a shower of rain ;
 And instead of storm and strife,
 There's love and joy again.
 Cupid's full of cunning art :
 Power he has o'er maids and men ;
 Lovers, when they strive and part,
 He makes kiss and love again.

Oft a kind and loving pair
 Will strive and run away,
 Vowing hate they'll ever bear
 While there is night and day.

But soon their strife blows over,
 Like a shower of rain,
 And they rush to other's arms,
 And kiss and love again.
 Cupid, &c.

Kissing, cooing with delight,
 To-day and ne'er weary ;
 To-morrow life is dark as night ;
 Strife has made it dreary.
 But soon the strife blows over,
 Like a shower of rain.
 And lovers forget malice,
 And kiss and love again.
 Cupid's full of cunning art ;
 Power he has o'er maids and men ;
 Lovers, when they strive and part,
 He makes love and kiss again.

EXEUNT.

SONGS.

SONGS.



MARY'S LOVE IS MINE.

Flow, silver brooklet, flow on to the sea,
 Flow, flow ever,
By rock and ruin, through verdant lawn and lea,
 And solemn nor sad be never ;
 But murmur low,
 As on you flow,
 That Mary's love is mine.

Sing little bird, sing in the forest shade,
 On leafy tree,
Till your wild song re-echoes through the glade,
 But pipe no mournful melody ;
 Sing blythe and sweet,
 In your retreat,
 That Mary's love is mine.

Raise, pretty flower, above the grassy sod,
 Your lovely head,
To kiss the grasses as they all day nod,
 And look not longer as if dead,
 But smiling look,
 In shady nook,
 That Mary's love is mine.

Wave, wave, and spread your leafy arms, O trees,
 Far from your stem,
 And sigh as through you steals the summer breeze,
 But sigh no deadly requiem ;
 Sigh cheerily,
 Not drearily,
 That Mary's love is mine.

Be glad, O earth ! Let melodies of peace
 For ever ring,
 And let all earthborn cares and strivings cease,
 And joyous tidings be on wing ;
 For I am blest
 Of men the best
 Since Mary's love is mine.

AN IDYLL.

There's a little heath-thatch'd cottage,
 A little up the glen,
 Where a little dancing brooklet
 Sings little songs to men.

In that little rustic cottage,
 Not little may be seen
 A sweet little rosebud maiden
 Named "Little Fairy Queen".

Every little word she whispers,
 A little heart makes move,
 And each little twinkle of her eye
 Is little darts of love.

I, a little, love the beauty—
 A little she loves me—
 And we little walks together have
 When little words go free.

Yet a little while I'll greet her
 A little at the door—
 Then a little party's wending
 A little from the moor.

MY WIFE AND I.

In my little home, with my darling wife,
 Ah, the hours glide smoothly by
 Like fleecy clouds which the breezes waft
 Across the summer sky,
 For I love my wife
 As I do my life
 And for her dear sake I could die.

When home I return at the close of day,
 From my hard toil once more free,
 On the threshold step two loving arms
 Are waiting there for me.
 And my sun-brunt cheek
 Is kissed so meek
 By two lips that are purity.

Life's troubles and trials which bother me,
 No matter though they be rife,
 I forget them when I enter my home
 And sit me by my wife ;

For she loves me true
 As her I do,
 And strives to make happy my life.

I partake my meal with a grateful heart,
 And proffer best thanks unto God
 For the thousand mercies I receive
 As on through life I plod,
 Though at times a cloud,
 My path may shroud
 And make life for a while a load.

Then hard I entreat when finish'd is life,
 From above the bright blue sky
 God will send an angel to carry home
 My darling wife and I
 To the realms above
 Where all is love,
 And sorrow ne'er dims the eye.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

'Twas gloaming, and a fragrance sweet
 Gave to the air,
 The little flowerets rich and neat
 That grow around exceeding fair.

The brook sang softly down the dell,
 And hills among,
 And melodiously did swell
 Each little bird's sweet evening song.

The gentle summer zephyrs were
 A-stealing thro'
 The trees, when I a maiden fair
 Heard sing thus of her lover true :—

I.

“ Lads needna come to coort at me
 A' buskit up fu' braw,
 My hairt to them I canna gie
 For Jamie his't awa'.
 His love is pure as yon wee flower
 That grows beside the burn ;
 And sure am I until he die
 He'll never frae me turn.

II.

“ Aft we hae met in gloaming oors
 Down in this flowerie dell,
 And pu'd us baith the bonnie floers
 We love to see so well.
 We've vow'd that nane but God abune
 Would pairt us while we're here,
 Though pairtit we by land or sea,
 We'd aye lo'e ither dear.

III.

“ My Jamie I'll lo'e truly aye,
 Wherever he may be,
 Yes, lo'e him true come weal or wae,
 Until the day I dee.
 So lads they needna coort at me
 A' buskit up fu' braw,
 My heart to them I canna gie
 Sin' Jamie his't awa'.”

The while she sang this Doric strain
 In merry mood,
 The birds their singing did refrain,
 And silent were within the wood.

I sat me down beside a tree,
 And listen'd too,
 And O ! I long'd right earnestly
 That I were Jamie she lov'd true.

" For few, ah few ! " I musing said,
 " I'm sad to say,
 Love and trust true, like that young maid,
 A lover when he's far away."

A MITHER'S SANG.

The red sun is sinking
 Noo down in the west,
 And mammy is thinking
 Her dearie the best.
 Hush noo, my lammie, and gang ye to sleep,
 Ma' winna leave ye ; she'll watch ower ye keep.

The bird's hae ceas'd singing
 Their lilties o' joy ;
 And daddy's hame bringing
 His lily a toy.
 Hush noo, my lammie, and gang ye to sleep.
 Ma' winna leave ye ; she'll watch ower ye keep.

The wind has stopt sighing,
 Calm, calm is the eve ;
 So stop noo yer crying,

Else mammy will grieve.
 Hush noo, my lammie, and gang ye to sleep,
 Ma' winna leave ye ; she'll watch ower ye keep.

The darkness is falling
 Ower muirland and lea,
 And dear sleep is calling
 "Come, pettie, to me".
 Hush noo, my lammie, and gang ye to sleep,
 Ma' winna leave ye ; she'll watch ower ye keep.

LIE STILL AND SLEEP.

(A SANG FOR WAUKRIFE BAIRNS.)

Oh ! lie still an' sleep my bairnies,
 An' dinna mak' a din,
 Or a muckle man wi a pock
 Will soon be comin' in:
 This muckle man's at ilka door,
 The cunnin', thievin' loon,
 Ready tae tak a' waukrife weans
 Wha ar'na sleepin' soun'.

Noo, lie still an' sleep my bairnies,
 An' dinna speak nae mair,
 Or the muckle man wi' the pock
 Will sune be up the stair.
 He's stannin' at the ooter dcor
 Just ready to fling doon
 His pock, an' tak my bonnie weans
 Wha ar'na sleepin' soun'.

Noo, lie still an' sleep my bairnies,
 An' naething need ye fear,
 I'll hap ye snugly wi' the claes,
 An' watch ye, sittin' here.
 Then I'll leave ye to your Father,
 Till mornin' licht comes roun ;
 He keeps in safety a' the weans
 When they are sleepin' soun'.

A CANTY BIRKIE'S JAMIE O !

There is a chiel, I ken him weel,
 A lauchin', daffin', birkie, O !
 Wha cheers us a' whate'er befa'
 Wi' his blythe hame-ower smirkie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 For funny tales and anecdotes,
 Frae Plymou' Sound tae John o' Groat's,
 There's nane can ding blythe Jamie, O.

O' college lear ye'll never hear
 The birkie ance mak' mention, O !
 He hates the man wha aye does plan
 Tae mak' a great pretension, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 His head is fu' o' auld Scotch sangs
 Wi' a' their love and waefu' pangs,
 And sing them weel can Jamie, O !

Where'er he gangs he fills wi' glee,
 The auld and young wha hear him, O !
 And nane e'er tire while he does fire
 Aff hum'rous sangs tae cheer them, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 Good company for ane an' a',
 Wha wish the time tae slip awa',
 Is canty, cheery Jamie, O !

Far ha'e I been, and aft I've seen
 The man who was fu' cheerie, O !
 But this say I—and weel may I,
 Compar'd wi' him they're drearie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 A canty birkie's Jamie, O !
 Tae hear him sing, and see him dance,
 Dull care frae you he'd soon mak' prance,
 For nane there is like Jamie, O !

“ *THE ONE I LOVE SO WELL.* ”

I love to hear the birdies sing
 Their long sweet songs of praise ;
 I love to hear the echoes ring—
 The echoes of their lays.
 And I love to see each flower and tree,
 And bright winged butterfly and bee ;
 But better far I love to see the one I love so well.

I love to see the rivers flow,
 With bonnie, silvery rills ;
 I love to see the heather grow
 On my native Highland hills ;

And I love to hear the billows roar
 Along the beach and rocky shore ;
 But I love to see—yes, far more, the one I love so well.

OUT WITH THE LIFEBOAT.

Out with the lifeboat, out with the lifeboat !
 Push her boys, into the ocean !
 Not a care have we for a boiling sea,
 Be e'er so great the commotion.
 For our hearts are brave and our nerves are strong,
 And our motto's " On for ever !"
 Tho' the wild waves dash with a roaring crash,
 Wi' falter not, boys, no never !

When a ship's in sight, be it day or night,
 With her distress flag a-flying ;
 We're into our boat and have her afloat,
 Like lightning after our spying.
 And we sing, " Pull away, pull away, brave boys,
 Pull on, pull on, all together ;
 And we soon will skip to the foundering ship,
 If we pull without a swither ".

When the ship we reach, ere she takes the beach,
 Or among the rocks is crashing,
 We know—but can't hear—there's a lusty cheer
 Above the big breakers dashing ;
 Sent up by the anxious who watch on the shore
 And pray God to keep us afloat,
 That we safe may bring to the land living,
 The crew in our tiny lifeboat.

OMNIA VINCIT FORTE PECTUS.

There's lots o' ups an' doons ye'll get
 While spielin' up life's brae,
 That will at times ye sair beset,
 An' trouble nicht an' day ;
 But dinna let yer hairt sink down,
 Whatever may befa',
 Keep aye in min' this wee short line—
 A stoot hairt owercomes a' ;
 Yes, a stoot hairt owercomes a', freens,
 Whatever may befa'.

Its aften nae an easy thing
 To wear a pleasèd smile,
 When on yer hairt, wi' painfu' sting,
 There's something a' the while
 That stings the mair, the mair ye try
 To drive the thocht awa',
 Till, in despair, ye'd fain declare
Nae stoot hairt owercomes a' ;
 But a stoot hairt owercomes a', freens,
 Whatever may befa'.

Through weal an' wae aye try wi' care
 To keep an easy min',
 An' dinna fa' into despair
 When fortune disna' shine ;
 But keep your head an' hairt aye up
 Tho' fortune froon an' thraw,
 Tho' sairly doon ye'll rally soon,
 A stoot hairt owercomes a' ;
 Yes, a stoot hairt owercomes a' freens,
 Whatever may befa'.

AROUND THEE, BALMORAL.

Around thee, Balmoral, the wee birds are singing,
 Their sweet, cheerful ditties among the green trees ;
 Around thee, Balmoral, the flowrets are springing
 And spreading rich perfume with ev'ry soft breeze.

Chorus—Nature is bright and fair,
 Healthful and sweet the air,
 Round thee, Balmoral, dear home of our Queen.
 Woods, dales, and lofty hills,
 River and sparkling rills,
 Are fascinating when look'd on, I ween.
 Long may Her Majesty
 Be spared to live at thee,
 Lovely Balmoral, when mantled in green.

Around thee, Balmoral, the Dee murmurs sweetly
 A song in thy praise as on seaward it flows ;
 Around thee, Balmoral, all nature's completely
 Enchanting to look on wherever one goes.
 Nature is bright and fair, &c., &c.

Above thee, Balmoral, "dark Lochnagar's" looming,
 Guarding thee ever like a sentinel bold :
 Around thee, Balmoral, the thistle is blooming—
 Dear emblem of Scotland we love to behold.
 Nature is bright and fair, &c., &c.

Around thee, Balmoral, is budding the heather,
 Which soon will bloom bonnie in dell and in wood,
 Around thee, Balmoral, winds soft as a feather
 Steal through the green trees in thy lov'd solitude.
 Nature is bright and fair, &c., &c.

Around thee, Balmoral, from glens and from valleys
 Brave clansmen would gather in battle array,
 And guard thee, Balmoral (if invading sallies
 Were bent on destruction), by night and by day.

Nature is bright and fair, &c., &c.

Believe me, Balmoral, rich and poor, old and young,
 Love thee and thy owner, our gracious, good Queen ;
 Yes, pretty Balmoral, our love for thee is strong
 Each time we behold thee when mantled in green.

Nature is bright and fair,
 Healthful and sweet the air,
 Round thee, Balmoral, dear home of our Queen.
 Woods, dales, and lofty hills,
 River and sparkling rills,
 Are fascinating when looked on, I ween.
 Long may Her Majesty
 Be spared to stay at thee,
 Lovely Balmoral, when mantled in green.

SCOTIA'S HEATHER HILLS.

For dear auld Scotia's heather hills
 My heart for ever swells,
 I lo'e to see them a' richt dear
 When clad in purple bells.
 I'd wander 'mang them late and ear'
 And never wearied be,
 For naething gies me pleasure mair
 Than Scotia's hills to see.

'Mang Scotia's bauld, broon heather hills
I dearly lo'e to be ;
There is no land looks near so grand,
As Scotia unto me.

Amang auld Scotia's heather hills
Ilk thing looks aye so fair,
A fragrance sweet, thro' a' the year
Is aye upo' the air.
Aroun' the hills, abune the glens,
The laverock sings his lay,
And wild muircocks and muirhens
Scream bir-r-bick nicht and day.

I lo'e the glens atween the hills
Where rins the wimplin' burn,
Doon thro' the ground whaur martyrs lie,
Wha foemen's laws did spurn.
And bravely fought in cov'nant days
For country, God, and richt,
And never loot the tyrants raise
Their slavish sword o' micht.
'Mang Scotia's bluid-stained heather hills
I dearly lo'e to be ;
There is no land looks near so grand
As Scotia unto me.

O, I LOVE.

O, I love to stray at the break of day
Along a flowerie lea,
And list to the trill of the sparkling rill,
Singing its song of glee,

As it glides away
 O'er valley, down brae,
 Till it reaches the dark blue sea.

O, I love to hear, singing sweet and clear,
 The wee birds at early morn ;
 And I love to feel the zephyrs that steal
 Over the yellow corn,
 And I love to see,
 Smiling sweet and free,
 The flowers that my pathway adorn.

O, I love to be, when from labour free,
 Gazing o'er a rugged wold,
 When down in the west the sun sinks to rest,
 Tinging the hills with gold,
 And when the pale light
 Of the queen of night
 Is shed around, fair to behold.

O, I love—yes, more than of these a score,
 To meet the maid I love true ;
 Her sweet loving smile does my cares beguile,
 And fills me with joy too ;
 One with fairer face
 Than hers, you'll not trace
 Though you'd search all the wide world thro'.

KEEP A STEEKIT MOU.

There's an auld sayin' and a true
 That's aften in my min',
 Ane that I heard the auld folk say,
 When I was young langsyne.

Although the sayin's rale weel kent,
 It's practis'd wi' but few ;
 It's "Gin ye hae no gweed to say,
 Just keep a steekit mou !"

Should a brither or a sister
 Chance to brak thro' some law,
 Dinna get into a passion,
 And loodly them misca'.
 But do yer best to show the sin
 They've done by brackin' thro',
 But "gin ye hae no gweed to say,
 Just keep a steekit mou".

Gif ye get a story tauld ye,
 Ahint a neibour's back,
 Aye pit yer thumb upo' the tale
 And keep it on the rack,
 And never turn it ower to nane,
 Altho' it's maybe true,
 For "gin ye hae no gweed to say,
 Just keep a steekit mou".

Whate'er ye hear or see folks do
 That's maybe far frae richt,
 Try aye and min' thro' a' yer life
 And ne'er speak o' them licht ;
 But pity them wi' gweed advice
 A thing ye'll never rue—
 But "gin ye hae no gweed to say,
 Just keep a steekit mou".

WHA WADNA BE CONTENTED?

A HAMELY FIRESIDE SANG.

I've a canty wee bit hoosie,
 A cosy ingleside,
 And three bonnie, bonnie bairnies,
 Which are my joy and pride.
 And wi' them I am contented,
 Whatever may befa',
 For I love to hear them lispin'
 The name o' "da" and "ma".
 Oh ! wha wadna be contented,
 And leäd a cheerie life,
 Wi' three bonnie, bonnie bairnies,
 And a darling wife ?

Grand lords and dukes and sic big folks
 Hae lots o' cake and wine,
 And beef and fowl and game and fish,
 When they sit down to dine ;
 But nane o' these we ever taste,
 Oor income being sma',
 So wi' hamely fare the hale week through
 Contented are we a'.
 Oh ! wha wadna be contented,
 If they were in my place,
 Wi' three bonnie, bonnie bairnies
 Their fireside to grace ?

Oh ! it's no the wale o' warld's gear
 That happiness can bring,
 But having a contented mind
 However things may swing.

When siller in oor house is scarce,
 We keep frae wild despair,
 And pray to God to gie us health
 And strength to work for mair.
 Oh ! wha wadna be contented,
 If they had as I hae
 'Three wee bonnie, bonnie bairnies
 Lauchin' blythe and gay ?

The jad, dame fortune, aften frowns
 On us throughout the year,
 Until our life looks black as pitch,
 Without ae spark o' cheer,
 But we never let oor heart down,
 Whatever may befa',
 For little guid would mournin' dae
 Wi' oor backs at the wa'.
 Oh ! wha wadna be contented,
 The hail year through and through,
 Wi' three bonnie, bonnie bairnies,
 A sweet wifie too ?

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Oh ! clearly shone the autumn moon
 Above the wooded hill,
 And merry, merry was the tune
 Sung by the sparkling rill,
 Which down the dark heath-clad hill side
 Ran like a silver line,
 Upon the night when Jeannie press'd
 Her virgin lips to mine.

I fondly clasp'd her in my arms,
 And kiss'd her o'er and o'er ;
 Unmatched I thought were all her charms,
 So sweet were smiles she wore.
 She looked when gazing in my face,
 With eyes of fairest blue,
 To tell with fondest witchery
 That *all* she said was true.

But soon I found that like the ray
 The moon shed forth that night,
 Her sweet, sweet smiles passed all away ;
 They were but gi'en to slight,
 And like the rill which ever sings
 An idle song of glee,
 The words she spoke prov'd idle talk—
 She was all false to me.

MEET ME IN THE GLOAMING.

O lassie, wi' the snaw white broo,
 Lips like summer roses,
 And sparkling e'en o' bonnie blue
 Where love's smile reposes,
 Meet me, when gloaming slowly fades,
 And nicht wi' dewy feet
 Draws saftly doon ower hills and glades,
 Where deep'ning shadows meet.

Then I'll call ye my dear maiden,
 Press love tokens on yer moo,
 Praise yer e'en, wi' love o'erladen
 Sparkling bricht like draps o' dew.

Doon by the stream and up the brae
 We'll go gaily roaming,
 And through the woods where blackbirds gay
 Pipe frae noon to gloaming,
 And where sweet countless bonnie flooers
 Smile sweetly up to a',
 But droop their heads in gloaming hoors
 When dewes begin to fa'.

There roond yer neck my airms I'll fling,
 Press love tokens on yer moo,
 And pledge till life frae me takes wing,
 I'll remain aye yours and true.

ONCE MORE—NEW YEAR'S SONG.

Once more we've seen the year go out,
 Once more we hail the new ;
 Once more we wish with merry shout
 "A good new year
 And health and cheer
 To all, this year right through ".

Once more we throw our work aside,
 Once more our heart feels glad ;
 Once more our crosses we deride
 And shout with joy
 Tho' cares annoy,
 "May luck by all be had ".

Once more we give a friendly hand,
 Once more the past forget ;
 Once more we say, with look quite bland,

For sire and dame,
 With tot'ring frame,
 " Good cheer till your sun set ".

Once more we vow to turn a leaf,
 Once more to spurn all ill ;
 Once more we ask that in the brief
 Space of our life
 There be no strife,
 But peace till we're laid still.

LOVE MAKES LABOUR LIGHT.

Maiden, thou art young and fair,
 Fairer far than any ;
 Glad would I be, dear, to share
 With thee Life's joys many.
 Wilt thou, maiden, young and fair,
 Say me *yes* to-night ?
 And thy troubles I will share,—
 Love makes labour light.

Let me kiss thy ruby lips,
 'Neath the sunny bower,
 As the bee would when it sips.
 Honey from the flower.
 Wilt thou, maiden, young and fair,
 Say me *yes* to-night ?
 Think not of this world's care.—
 Love makes labour light.

Let me hold thee in mine arms,
 Ere thy lips are tasted ;
 For the pleasures of thy charms
 When left are but wasted.
 Wilt thou, maiden, young and fair,
 Say me *yes* to-night ?
 Well I know thou art aware
 Love makes labour light.

Pass away will earth and sky,
 With their beauty laden,
 Ere my love for thee will die,
 My young and sweet maiden.
 So *now*, maiden, young and fair,
 Say me *yes* to-night ;
 Rich and poor know and declare
 Love makes labour light.

A LOVE LYRIC.

Maggie, fairest, sweetest, dearest,
 Beats thy heart so pure and free
 Ever in thy snowy bosom
 For a poor one such as me ?
 Do thine eyes so sweetly beaming
 Eyes of lovely azure hue—
 Ever on me cast their rays, dear,
 Broad cast as falls silv'ry dew ?

Maggie, dear, thy form so lovely
 Hovers ever in my sight,
 And in daylight, and in darkness,
 See I it in halo bright ;

For, believe me, dearest fair one,
 There are none I love like thee,
 And to win thy heart and hand, dear,
 All I have I'd give freely.

Maggie, sad would be my lot, love,
 Wert thou my wish to despise ;
 Into deep despair 'twould sink me,
 Out of which I ne'er could rise.
 But I know thou wilt not do it ;
 Thou couldst never be unkind
 To the one who truly loves thee,
 Keeps thee ever in his mind.

Maggie, may God bless thee, darling,
 Keep thee stainless, pure, and free,
 Make thee every day more faithful,
 As we all should strive to be.
 And when here thy days are ended,
 May He take thee home above
 To those golden halls of heaven,
 There to dwell in perfect love.

IT'S A WEARY WARLD THIS.

It's a weary, weary warld this—
 Heich ay, it's unco weary !
 Do as ye will it's sure to fill
 Yer heart wi' sorrow dreary.
 Say mind aye, ye'll find aye,
 While yer abune the grave,
 That losses an' crosses
 Will come tho' ye are brave !

It's a weary, weary warld this—

Heich ay, it's unco weary !

Tae be content wi' what is sent

Is aften far frae cheery.

When treasures an' pleasures

Are frae ye ta'en awa',

An' ye left sair bereft,

Wi' back against the wa' !

It's a weary, weary warld this—

Heich ay, it's unco weary !

We're tauld, they say, e'en come what may,

To never shed a tearie.

But wha could, or wha would,

When help's sairly wanted,

Look pleasèd an' easèd

When it wisna granted ?

HURRAH FOR SCOTLAND'S HEROES BRAVE.

O gie me power to sing a sang

While on this hill I stand,

And look wi' wond'rous gaze alang

A free and fertile land ;

And on the ground our grandsires trod,

In ages lang gane by,

Wha focht for freedom and for God,

And werena feart to die.

Hurrah for Scotland's heroes brave

In ages lang gane bye,

Wha focht for freedom and their God,

And werena feart to die.

Doon there, whaur grows the wavin' grain,
 Beside the grassy mead,
 And up in yonder hieland glen,
 Whaur sheep and cattle feed,
 Lang *standin' stanes* mark out the place
 They bravely focht and bled,
 When tyrant foes wi' ruthless grace
 Their country did invade.
 Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

While gazing round, methinks I see
 Those brave, bold-hearted men,
 Come marching down tae pibroch glee
 The shaggy, winding glen ;
 Donned in tartan plaid and kilt,
 And shield well battle-tried,
 And hung in buckled leathern belt
 A broad sword by their side.
 Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

Aye, and methinks I see them raise
 Their sword unsheath'd and bare,
 And hear them shout their country's praise
 With wild defiant air ;
 Then rush upon their tyrant foes
 When rose the battle-cry,
 And hand to hand around them close
 Without a fear to die.
 Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

A KISS.

It is pleasant to wander away in the moonlight,
 With genial companions to some rural grove ;
 But pleasanter far is, in shadow or sunlight,
 An innocent kiss from the maid whom you love.

There is nothing, believe me, so sweet or so tender
 As a kiss from the one whom you love best of all.
 To gain one, I'm sure, I would freely surrender
 All my other pleasures, though strong were their thrall.

Oh ! it's sweet—yes, it's sweet, to steal one little kiss
 In the manner that Jacob from Rachel one took,
 Without asking permission ; for half lost is the bliss
 If you ask and be granted by word or by look.

*NAE MAIR I'LL DRINK.**A SANG FOR GOOD TEMPLARS.*

I hae for mony a year and day
 Run in paths o' folly,
 And never wore, come weal or wae,
 A look 'twas melancholy.
 I never took for ance a thocht
 In wisdom's ways to tread,
 And ilka neighbour's guid advice
 I scorn'd—whate'er they said.
 Hech ay ! I lik'd the drink,
 Liked it but ower weel ;
 And never thocht hoo soon I'd sink
 Wholly to the deil.

But hear me noo, ye pooers abune ;
 I swear on bended knee
 Sic evil ways I'll purge oot clean,
 Gin life be grantit me,
 Baith day and nicht I'll dae my best
 Tae lead a temp'rate life,
 And work wi' a' my hairt tae check
 The source o' muckle strife.
 Hech ay ! I'll spurn the drink,
 Vow its athing bad ;
 Though my auld drouthy freends may think
 I hae turned clean mad.

An honour'd man again I'll stand,
 Before my freens of auld ;
 Wha'll proffer me the freendly hand,
 That lang to *me* was cauld.
 They'll help me on to lead a life
 O' soberness and love,
 That, when my life has taen its flicht,
 I may be blest above.
 Hech ay ! nae mair I'll drink ;
 Drink's a curse to a' ;
 Baith soul and body sune 'twill sink,
 Beyond men's reca'.

L O V E.

When in love ye feel sick when yer nae sick,
 An' aften feel fou when yer nae ;
 An' dae what ye like, like bees in a byke,
 Yer heid bizzes aye nicht and day.

Oh ! love is a terrible thing,
 It afflicts the rich an' the puir,
 An' balsalms and drugs canna cure't,
 Believe me, tho' taen for a year.

Ye gang frae yer sleep, an' gang frae yer meat,
 An' lose the bricht lauch o' yer e'e ;
 An' gang whaur ye will yer min's never still,
 Yer aye at a loss what tae dae.

Ye begin tae grow dumb like an' glum like ;
 Hech ay ! love soon mak's ye a fricht—
 The red o' yer cheek is aff in a week,
 An' yer pale's a beam o' munelicht.

HANDS OUT OF POCKETS!

Don't stand with hands in pockets, my lads !
 And look at the great toiling throng,
 Who will jostle and knock you right and left
 As madly they rush straight along.

So make up your minds, my lads, and pass
 Quickly into the big toiling mass—
 Strike hither and thither without any swither
 If you wish to earn yourself *Name*.

Don't think because you are poor, my lads !
 There is little that you can do ;
 The world is wide, and there's plenty of room
 To work, and their workers are few.

So make up your minds, my lads, and pass
 Quickly into the big toiling mass—
 Strike hither and thither without any swither
 If you wish to earn yourself *Fame*.

Don't, when you enter the battle, my lads !
 Look about for a smooth cut way ;
 Troubles and trials you'll have to surmount
 Which you dream't not once in a day.

So make up your minds, my lads, and pass
 Quickly into the big toiling mass—
 Strike hither and thither without any swither
 If you wish to earn yourself *Name*.

Now, hands out of pockets, at once, my lads !
 To some kind of labour begin,
 And however hard at times it appear,
 Keep aye this motto—*Never give in*.

So make up your minds at once, and pass
 Quickly into the big toiling mass—
 Strike hither and thither without any swither
 That's the only way to get *Fame*.

GOOD NIGHT TO PARTING DAY.

AN EVENING SONG.

Oh softly sunset rays steal down
 And steep in golden sheen,
 The wooded hill and mountain brown,
 The vales of richest green,

While many a forest warbler sings
Beside its nest of fledgelings,
 "Good night to parting day".

The workman's tools the workman wiolds,
 But now at close of day,
The toilers leave the woods and fields
 And, weary, homeward stray,
And each is heard to whisper low,
As fades the golden sunset glow,
 "Good night to parting day".

Swift the sea-mew coastward flies
 To rest on yonder cliff,
And many a sea-tanned fisher plies
 His oar in tight-built skiff,
While at the helm a voice is heard
To pipe as sweet as forest bird,
 "Good night to parting day".

. *WHAT CARE I.*

The win' may roar an' the rain may pour
 Aroun' my wee bit biggin',
An' snaw may fa' and cover a'
 Its heather-thacket riggin';
 But what care I tho' tempests lood
 Blaw aroun' my biggin',
When peace and love, without a clood,
 Are aye aneath its riggin'.

The Russ and Turk for blood may lurk
 On many a hill and plain,
 And bay'nets clash, and sabres flash,
 Till mair thoosands brave are slain ;
 But what care I for war's alarms,
 When in my wee biggin'
 There's peace and love, wi' a' their charms,
 Aye aneath its riggin'.

The Kirks ca'd "Free" and the "U.P."
 May keep a sharp, sharp eye on,
 Find fau'ts and strive, and rug and rive
 At the "National Zion" ;
 But what care I tho' kirks mak' din,
 When in my wee biggin'
 There's peace and love aye dwellin' in,
 Aneath its cozy riggin'.

Dame Fortune may gang past my way—
 The thrawn and niggard hizzie—
 Dae a' she can to mak' me wan,
 And turn my head fu' dizzie ;
 But what care I tho' Fortune may
 Flee by my wee biggin',
 When peace and love I ever ha'e
 Aneath its cozy riggin'.

My wifie's e'en and gracefu' mein,
 And rosy lips sae bonny,
 The hale day lang, come richt or wrang,
 Mak' me as happy's ony ;
 So what care I tho' warld's gear
 Gang gyte around my biggin',
 When she the ane I lo'e sae dear
 Is aye aneath its riggin'.

SCOTIA, I LOVE YOU.

O, Scotia, dear Scotia, I love you,
 The land o' the brave and the free ;
 O, Scotia, auld Scotia, above you
 There is no other land to me.
 I see you oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in the land ower the sea.

The reek o' the cot in the clachan,
 The burnie that ran past the door,
 The red-cheekit lassie, aye lauchin',
 That herdit the kye on the moor,
 I see them oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in this land ower the sea.

The tint o' the bonnie broon heather
 That grew ower ilk mountain and hill,
 Whaur the air was licht as a feather,
 And linties their ditties did trill,
 I see it oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in this land ower the sea.

The sound of the muircock and plover
 I heard in the glens a' the day,
 As they flew ower the heath and moss cover
 Whaur hens wi' their wee chickies lay,
 I hear them oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in this land ower the sea.

The scent o' the purple-belled heather
 I felt everywhere in the air.
 When the breezes in mild autumn weather
 Blew softly ower haugh, glen, and muir,
 I feel it oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in this land ower the sea

O, Scotia, fair Scotia, I love you,
 The land o' the brave and the free ;
 O, Scotia, dear Scotia, above you
 There is no other land to me.
 I see you oft yet
 As musin' I sit
 In my hame in this land ower the sea.

THE BRAID SCOTCH TONGUE.

Though aft I hear the English blaw
 About their words sae fine,
 An' vouch oor Scotch words ane an' a'
 Are worse than beastly whine,
 It mak's me lo'e th' dear words mair
 When spoken or when sung,
 Sae lat them say whate'er they may,
 I'll lo'e the braid Scotch tongue.
 There's nae tongue like the braid Scotch tongue,
 When spoken or when sung,
 Sae lat them sae whate'er they may,
 I'll lo'e the braid Scotch tongue.

Wha' when they've heard a stave or twa
 O' some auld braid Scotch sang,
 As "Gloomy winter's noo awa,"
 "The heather hills amang,"
 Or "Auld lang syne"—the dearest aye
 Tae auld folk an' tae young—
 Could e'er despise gin they were wise,
 The dear auld braid Scotch tongue.

There's nae tongue like the braid Scotch tongue.
 Tae me soun's half sae dear ;
 Its accent, like the sang o' birds,
 Fa's sweet upon my ear,
 An' lat me gang where e'er I may,
 My hairt wi' sorrows wrung,
 Tae hear ca'd doon, by ony loon,
 The dear, auld, braid Scotch tongue.

ON SONNETS.

ON SONNETS.



ON THE SONNET.

A perusal of the multifarious works of the poets of Scotland must readily strike the attentive reader how indifferent they are in sonnet writing. One may examine carefully the whole of their volumes, and in most of them not a sonnet will be found. Certainly this cannot be said of all, for amongst a few of our "modern Scottish poets" there are good sonneteers, but, taking into account the number of poets, the number of sonnet writers is exceedingly few ; and this is the more to be wondered at when it is remembered that Edwards, in his presently-publishing "Modern Scottish Poets," shows that poets are to be found by the scores in almost every shire in Scotland. This is even the more remarkable seeing that Mr. Edwards in his labours does not include those rough-and-ready rhymsters found everywhere by the dozen, but writers of verse who have found favour in the literary and reading world. It is puzzling, indeed, to account for this rarity, for the writer believes it is a universal belief amongst all true lovers of poetry, that the sonnet is one of the noblest, if not *the* noble, form of poetical writing, and is best fitted for all subjects which are grave, dignified, or contemplative. It touches at once the deeper feelings of the heart with greater vitality than any other class of poetry. Every word in the sonnet has a meaning, and every line adds

beauty to the whole concentration of thought running through the poem. Brief though the sonnet be, it is admitted to be of infinite compass and of priceless value; there is depth of graceful fancy, marvellous beauty, incomparable richness, and loveliest of loveliness in it. No one can deny that our language, deficient no doubt as it is in rhymes compared to that of the Italian, is well fitted for sonneteering, although old Dr. Johnson thought otherwise. His adverse and contemptuous opinion of the sonnet is so well known that it need not here be dwelt upon, but merely, in passing, it may be mentioned, without fear, the worthy Doctor was very far wrong in his estimation of it; and Wordsworth, the poet, in a masterly manner, by a sonnet, shows this to perfection. So to those who are not familiar with the power and capability which that little form of verse embraces, nothing could be more edifying than a careful study of this single sonnet. The amount of power and strength of thought gathered together in its fourteen lines is really surprising; but the whole of Wordsworth's sonnets are gems of beauty.

That the sonnet was never popular amongst the Scottish poets was owing probably to their being more lyrical in their composition than their English brethren. The lyric certainly is more congenial to the Scotch ear than the sonnet. It is impossible to throw into it the same homely phrase and wild jubilant notes in it that the lyric will admit, of which the Scotch are so fond, and which are dear and venerable to every heart which burns for—

“The land of brown heath and shaggy wood”.

But now, when higher education is rampant, and broader views of things in general predominate, it is to be hoped poets of the future in Scotland will pay more attention to the sonnet than they have done hitherto. There is a general belief that the love for the sonnet is becoming more general amongst poets in Scotland, as recently published volumes testify. If that be so it will be none to their disadvantage.

III

But before proceeding further it may be necessary to quote a sonnet or two to demonstrate upon. Those quoted shall be only by Scotch poets, and the first by a now very popular modern poet. The author of the second one is a very prolific and pointed sonneteer, in fact, like the great Professor Blackie, he has a craze for it—and the writer of the third is a very calm, retired poet :—

I.

I left the crowd to its own will, and mused
Upon thy village life that scarcely opes
One pathway for the liberal thought, nor copes
With the result that broadens ; but suffused
With straiten'd range of thought keeps on, nor sees
The world with proper vision. Creeds and sects
Are here, still seeing within each defects,
And men will battle to the last for these.
It will be so. Yet think ere we condemn,
What our faith is to us is theirs to them ;
And so grow broad with sympathy, nor sink
Into the barren pasture of old saws,
But think that God will open up His laws
And tell us we are safer than we think.

II.

Out by the woods in spring-time's balmy air
Wandered, with loving hearts, a youthful pair,
The maiden's words came with as sweet a wile
As if an angel touched the ivory teeth
That like a gleaming key-board shone beneath
The glowing lips, aye parting in a smile
And made sweet music. Like a faint eclipse
In a bright cloud a hovering bird they see ;
“ Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,” cries he ;
She said, “ You've stolen the words from out my lips ; ”

“ Would I had been so near them, love, as that ! ”
 This for a moment check'd the bantering chat ;
 But stolen words were easy soon, I wist,
 Judging how fondly, oft, and long they kissed.

III.

Father, forgive me if I have done wrong
 In loitering beside the woodland brook
 Wooing the fair, who still my fancy took
 Captive so sweetly with her Doric song.
 Dear mother taught me when my heart was young
 To seek instruction in the wondrous book
 That open lies in every sylvan nook,
 On every breezy knoll, and down among
 The rath weeds by the water. When I strayed
 At morn or eve to feast on nature's sight
 I had not will to slight her harmony,
 For, ever as my ardent spirit prayed
 That goodness might be born of my delight,
 She was most eloquent in praise of Thee.

According to the best authority, it appears the sonnet was first used as far back as the twelfth century in Italy, (and was of great repute among the Provençals), and many of the Italian poets, viz. :—Dante, Ariosta, and Petrarco, &c., are familiar to us through their sonnet-writing, for their language, being very prolific in rhyme, its adaptability is therefore undoubtedly superior to the English. The first sonnet writers in English were Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drummond of Hawthornden, &c. The first three mentioned wrote in the beginning of the sixteenth century. We could name a host of other very popular English sonneteers, but we deem it needless, for all lovers of poetry know them well. The Italian proper or legitimate form consists of fourteen iambic lines of ten syllables—some writers

aver eleven—containing only three rhymes, but in some cases four. It is divided into two divisions, named the OCTAVE and SESTETTE, and these again are sub-divided into two divisions each, termed *Quatrains* and *Terzettes*—the first two being the major and latter two the minor divisions. The octave is made up of two quatrains of four lines each, and the sestette of two terzettes of three lines each, the octave, therefore, possessing eight lines, and the sestette six. To make the matter clearer, the following supposed line endings will show the divisions at a glance :—

Octave.	{	Sight	}	1st Quatrain.
		Fair		
		Bare		
		Might		
	{	Right	}	2nd Quatrain.
		Air		
		Glare		
		Bright		
Sestette.	{	Deep	}	1st Terzette.
		Stare		
		Weep		
	{	Share	}	2nd Terzette.
		Heap		
		Aware		

Now, if you glance at the three sonnets before quoted, you will readily perceive their difference in construction from that of the original or legitimate form. The I. has four rhymes, and the II. has five rhymes in the *Octave*, while the III. has only two rhymes. The III., therefore, is more clearly constructed to the original form—in fact correct.

The *Sestette* in the I. and III. contains three rhymes, whilst the II. has four rhymes as you will at once perceive if you refer back to them. But although the I. and III. have three rhymes in the sestette, there is a difference of form in the rhyming of each, neither of them adhering very closely to the

ancient form. The second one, you will observe, ends with a couplet, and Shakespeare having ended most, if not all, of his one hundred and fifty-four sonnets with the couplet, it is now familiarised as the Shakespearian ending. This couplet ending, in our opinion, gives a better finish and a greater completeness to the poem than it has without it. Of course, tastes differ, so also does opinion. Therefore, it is better for the sonneteer not to be chained down to any particular form, but to write his rhyming according to discretion. Were that not permissible, there need be no hesitation in declaring the best thoughts of many of our finest sonneteers would lose half their beauty and power if confined to certain restrictions. It matters not how the sonnet may be written ; its divisions are always the same as those before given, the rhyming making no difference.

It has been said—and there is assuredly some truth in the statement—that none but a good poet is successful in sonnet writing ; and, no doubt, this accounts, to a considerable degree, for the rarity with which it is attempted by poetasters who, as rhymsters, have been successful in securing some little fame, and very judiciously attempt not that which might prove detrimental to their poetical ability and success. But certain Editors of weeklies who devote but a small space for poets, encourage the writing of only descriptive poetry. This is good in its way, but, it appears to us, when this is the case, that it tends considerably to crush the bent of the poet's flexibility of mind when he must, to gain publicity in print, write only descriptively. Every poet may not see his way to write long descriptive pieces, which, if he were bound to do so, would make him little more than a mere copyist. It were well, in our opinion, that every bard and bardling did try, which unfortunately they do not, to show the worth of their talent in fourteen lines of what some call mere verbosity. We know that every rhyming individual could not write with anything like a successful result the sonnet ; but it is to be regretted,

indeed, if their pride in their rhyming ability prevents them making an attempt.

No attempt, no success. A beginning must first be made before an ending is looked for ; and, doubtless, many of our rhyming brethren in Scotland, by a little care and perseverance, could make good sonneteers, leaving a name behind them, and making more glorious the literary fame of their honoured country, "dear, auld, hamely Scotland".

This being but a rudimentary sketch, it is impossible to dwell longer upon the subject. All that we desire is that in Scotland poets will pay more attention to the sonnet than they have paid in the past, and that they will see for themselves, as has been endeavoured by us to show, that sonneteering is worthy their cultivation. In it the poet can lay bare to advantage his remarkable grace and polish of style, his inexhaustible play of fancy with rare sweetness and tenderness of nature, and his genuine faculty of idealism, which in any other style of poetry could not be done with such exquisite skill. There is no lack of matter to work upon. There can be gathered the richest lore from bank and bush, from cloud and sky, from lake and rill, from balmy breeze and roaring wind, from blue wavelet and majestic foaming billow, with that amount of enthusiastic love and admiration, melodiousness, and poetic sensibility which only the true poet can display to the admiration of the reader.

The poet and the preacher stand side by side in so far as both have a great power and sway over humanity. It is scarcely to be supposed that this assertion will be acceptable to every one, but, notwithstanding, we cannot refrain from saying we believe it to be true. They elevate to the highest pitch of joy, they make glad the saddened heart, they can cast a thrill of horror and dismay and fear into the heart which could not otherwise be made in so few words : and they urge to higher and nobler ambitions with more effect than could be readily conceived. They inspire every faculty, brighten every experience and

impulse of life, enforcing truths, rousing ambitions, and creating hopes which have influence sufficiently powerful to rescue the thoughtless and ignorant from misery and death, and the desperate from crime; implanting germs of good, which in due time spring up bearing glorious fruitage of eternal life. Elevated and ennobled by them, the multitudes may go to their counting-houses, counters, workshops, and factories, and follow after all their professions and enterprises as they did previously, only with the great difference, they do so with higher motives and nobler aims. The gifts of the poet and the preacher are both heaven-sent, and each has much to answer for if his gift is not used to the best advantage for the welfare of humanity at large. But let it be understood that the host of writers that crowd the "Poet's Corner" of our newspapers and periodicals are not poets any more than everything is "gold that glitters". They (*i.e.*, the poetasters) may have a spark of poetry, but that is all, as the cheaper metals may have a coat of gold. It is comforting, however, for them to know that where little is given little is requested, and they will not be answerable to such an extent as their more gifted brethren who may misuse their "heaven-sent gift".

In conclusion let the reader suppose not that the sonnets following this are written by a poet who is gifted with great fancy, or can clothe his words with rich felicitous language. Should this be done much disappointment will be felt. The sonnets were penned in spare moments with no pretention to fame or profit.

We are perfectly conscious our efforts are far short of the higher poetic merit, deeper feeling, purer fancy, and subtle touches which are characteristic of the true poet of Nature; but, as they are outbursts of our poetic fancy, we give them for what they are worth.

SONNETS.



STAR-DUST.

But star-dust are the minor minstrels' lays
(They lack the bright light of the greater stars,
The glorious Venus, Jupiter, and Mars
Of poetry, whose verses shall for ever blaze
With all the dazzle of a comet new).
Yet though the minor poets are but star-dust,
They have the power, like holy days of calm,
To soothe the wearied heart with April balm,
Refreshing, as refreshed are flowers with dew.
They rub from life the coated prosy rust,
And with a wondrous charm they may embue
The mind with all that is reverential, true,
Guiding our every thought beyond annoy,
Implanting in us patience, hope, and joy.



TO A YOUNG POET.

Oh, sweet poet ! with youth's flush on thy cheek,
And brow unwrinkl'd by the cares of life ;
Tune then thy lyre, and sing bold as a Greek—

Thy songs which never may be sung in vain,
 The outside world's capricious ear to gain,
 But fame and glory fall abundant rife,
 Across thy path with all the radiant glow
 A summer sunlit on the hill-tops show.
 E'en if it should be otherwise, thy song
 But little favour finds, refrain to fret,
 Nor be too proud to bear a stingy wrong
 A poet always gets—is sure to get.
 So sing thy songs despite whate'er be said,
 It happen may—*forgot alive, remember'd dead !*

TO MY FRIEND, J. C., Esquire.

There is a power which many hearts have felt—
 That power is *friendship*, and its very name
 Is dear! Earth's noblest sons have often knelt
 Before its generous and blissful flame.
 As gentle summer rains refresh the bud and flower,
 Blooming and blossoming on every summer bower,
 So friendship—when affliction sorely tries—
 The heart refreshes and dries up the tear
 Of woe, and darkest clouds makes disappear,
 And new hope gives. To my surprise
 I find it so, since thou—my dearest sire—
 Hast friendship shown to me these many years.
 Like morning dew fly all my saddest tears
 For thou within me fresh hope dost inspire.

BURNS.

O Burns ! thy soul was every breath divine,
 Sent down to earth to teach us only good ;
 Urging us to "glorious brotherhood
 The whole world o'er". How beautiful do shine
 Thy words of truth and counsel unto all
 Who toil for bread, and worship but one God,
 And love the earth—however hard their load
 Of trials and cares may be. Thou foughtst the thrall
 Of "might is right" to quench, and strov'st to heal
 The wound of poverty, and tear to rags
 Hypocrisy's broad cloak, and make men feel
 The sin of worshipping their money bags.
 To humanise and Christianise, and show
 Pure brother-love, was thy whole aim below.

DESPAIR AND HOPE.

I. DESPAIR.

Like to an eagle mounting from her nest,
 Built on the rugged lofty mountain crest—
 Up, up, till lost to sight, I long to flee,
 That I might bid the cares of life adieu,
 And find high in the glorious realms of blue
 Perpetual rest, where sorrow might not be.
 What is't to me to labour, watch and pray,
 When sorrow mounts on sorrow every day?
 When hope, I long held dear like summer dew,
 Melts into nothing, and with pain-racked breast
 I live to languish and repine? 'Tis true,
 "The longest night will end," but ere it's through
 And day appears all vigour may be lost,
 And day's bright glory fail to pay the cost !

II. HOPE.

While thus repining all alone, I hear
 A voice low whispering in my eager ear,
 'Tis hope that speaks ! "Oh, man, why thus repine ?
 Why not with merry soul pass on through life,
 Believing there's a hidden wise design
 In what thou hast to bear ? the wrecking strife
 Of life is not all wholly thine ! Still then,
 Thy spirit's mourning, and thy hope renew,
 Eat, drink, be merry, bid thy troubles flee,
 Let ne'er despair supreme reign over thee !
 Whate'er annoys and pains I pray eschew !
 Be thou the bravest of the fearless men,
 Enjoying all that life can give thee here,
 Troubled with no vain doubt and empty fear !"

IN MEMORIAM: LORD KINTORE.

Natus June 7th, 1828 ; Obiit July 18th 1880.

And thou art dead ! e'en thou, best of the best—
 The very kindest of the very kind—
 In whom most excellencies were combin'd
 Which in frail man are found ; though, like the rest
 Of mortals, thou hadst faults and knew them too,
 But they were such as men commit each day
 However much they "watch, and wait, and pray".
 Oh ! good and upright man, we would that through
 Our lives thy speech, which did reveal a mind
 Full Christian principled, and never blind
 To right, could still be heard ! How oft, indeed,
 Like as the sun, when rising o'er the hills
 At morn, all Nature full of rapture fills,
 Hast thou in life cheer'd those who were in need.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE REV. WM. MURRAY KEAY, A.M., FOVERAN,

Obiit 17th February, 1880.

Now, though the spring has come and birds are glad,
 Piping aloud within the budding wood,
 Or 'mong the bushes in the solitude
 Of the lone glen, or on the mountain side,
 Where silver streamlets leap to reach the tide,
 Murmuring harmoniously. Oh! how sad
 We feel; and Nature fails to charm or cheer
 Our deeply mourning hearts. Great grief has place
 At loss of one whose deep, strong voice is heard
 No more within God's sanctuary; whose face
 From pulpit shines not where he once made clear
 Eternal truths. His manly form, his smile,
 Reflex of gentle heart remote from guile,
 We miss; yet joy he's gone to his reward!

GEORGE GILFILLAN,

Died 13th August, 1878.

I.

'Twas morn; and autumn zephyrs softly blew
 Across countless fields of waving yellow corn,
 That glitter'd in the rosy flush of morn;
 Reflecting shadows on the misty blue
 Of mountains, whose heads tower'd in the air,
 Thousands of feet 'bove the abodes of men,
 The homes of birds and beasts of prey, and where
 Torrents rush to lakes and streamlets in the plain;
 And from the fields perfumes slowly floated down—
 Perfumes of heather, clover, and sweet flowers,—

And over the pretty village and busy town,
 Their fragrance was felt in morning hours,
 When, like wild fire, the word around was spread
 That "Gilfillan, preacher and poet, was dead".

II.

Dead art thou and pass'd into eternal life?—
 To Him whom thou didst long and rightly raise
 Thy deep ton'd voice in humble prayer and praise—
 Away from earthly turmoil, din, and strife,
 Thou grave and fearless man, with large warm heart,
 Whom thousands, old and young, lov'd well to see,
 And sorrow much that they have had to part
 With thee so soon, and thou so kind and free.
 No wonder that they mourn ; full well they know
 They ne'er shall look upon thy like again,
 For from thy lip and pen did often flow
 Words that stirr'd up the sinful hearts of men,
 And made them fight more vigorously and bold
 To gain, like thee, God's proffer'd crown of gold.

TIME.

Oh Time ! thou fleetest from us fast away,
 And try as best we can to stay thy feet,
 We fail ; and tho' we know thou art so fleet,
 Somehow we're heedless, till beyond recall
 Thou art for ever gone. We know thy stay
 Is but as lightning's flash across the sky,
 Seen, then lost, lost for ever, or like the fall
 Of meteor of a night. Oh ! why, we ask
 Art thou, O Time ! so selfish unto men,
 As steal away their best-lov'd joys and then

Bestow great loads of heavy care? and why
 Make sad the soul that doth in sweet hope bask?
 Time says :—" My trampling earth's vain glories down
 Makes thee to seek a bright celestial crown."

THE FIELD WORKER'S MID-DAY REST.

Oh, it is sweet, when mid-day work's complete—
 And our true hardy team from yoke set free
 To eat their hay, or graze across the lea—
 Hid in the shade, to rest our weary feet,
 And eat the bread of honest industry,
 With thankfulness to Him who graciously
 Hath given us strength to work. We envy not
 The mighty power which wealth to some supplies,
 Nor seek from toil release; but this we seek
 A mind more pure, a heart more kind and meek,
 And strength of limb, till we beyond the skies
 Are called hence. Though weary oft and sore,
 We love to toil, as rest will be far more
 Sweeter when it comes and hard work is forgot.

TO S. H. P.

Good sire, to thee my warmest thanks I send,
 And ne'er shall I, while in this world I live,
 Forget thee, but think of thee as a friend,
 And ever honour to thee duly give.
 'Tis said, "One touch of nature makes us kin".
 'Tis true, I felt such when the note I read
 And ponder'd o'er each kindly word there said
 To me, a poor young son of toil. Within

My soul I thought, as Shakespeare says terse,
 "I will immortalise thee in my verse!"

"Immortalise," will I? Ah, no! I fear—
 Methought again—when I am dead and rotten,
 My verse, like myself, will soon be forgotten.
 Nor shed for either will there be a tear.

TO M. H.

You ask of me a sonnet on yourself,
 With something said which never was before
 By poetaster times and ways o'er and o'er
 Rehears'd; but this I doubt, like hoarded pelf,
 Of which I'm minus, I am minus, too
 Of wit sufficient to write that which is new.
 Were I in glowing language to declare
 Your form was neat, your face exceeding fair,
 Your eyes bewitching, mentioning the hue,
 Would that be new? Oh no! you knew't before.
 Well, all I can say in this small sonnet—
 And I trust you will see fit to own it—
 Is, "You are what you are, and nothing more,
 Praising and deprecating is but to bore".

"DOT,"

AN AFFECTIONATE THOUGH SOMEWHAT UNHANDSOME LITTLE SCOTCH
 TERRIER.

O, Dot, Dame Nature went astray when she
 A coat that's neither black, nor brown, nor grey,
 Thee gave; and this I think—although I may
 Perhaps be wrong—by her neglect on thee

Thou art respected less by stranger eyes
 Than thou would'st have been had she otherwise
 More gifted made thee. True, at times with disgust
 I look at thee, and feel I could thee thrust
 Without the door ; but when I think how kind
 Thou art, poor Dot, I banish from my mind
 Such evil thoughts, for I know thou can'st feel
 And sympathise in all domestic woe ;
 Sore grief and sorrow thou dost plainly show
 When we from out thy sight do quietly steal.

"DOT'S" REPLY.

I'm much obliged—yes, very much indeed—
 For what you said of me the other day ;
 But let you understand that all you say
 I do not quite believe. There was no need
 For you to spread abroad in public press
 Every defect there's in my outward dress,
 For, bless you, sir, a Knight I heard declare
 My species was a fine one and a rare
 And he was sure in London cor elsewhere
 I was not to be matched ; and truthfully
 He said this of me through no bigotry.
 Now, sir, next time you think of me to write,
 The truth, and only truth you must indite,
 For remember I can *bark* and also *bite*.

THE LARK.

Up from the daisied mead and flowery dells,
 And emerald fields of waving grass and corn,
 The lark springs to salute the summer morn ;
 Through the low-hanging clouds of misty gray
 With dew-gemmed wing and heart serenely gay,
 He soars, and loudly pours his am'rous lay
 O'er hill and plain till night enfolds the day.

O happy bird—how yearns my weary heart
 To rise with thee high in the summer air
 And learn thy wondrous, sweet, melodious art
 Of song, that I to others might impart
 Sweet joy to cheer them in their trials and care.
 And like thee, bird, look heavenward day by day,
 With song of praise to Him who is our stay.

ORAGE ET LE CALME.

When tempests rage and roar furiously.
 The ships do not their courses fastest go ;
 'Tis when the mild and steady breezes blow
 That they their passage fastest gain at sea,
 When rain in torrents falls o'er wood and dell
 The flowers do not with greatest vigour grow ;
 'Tis when dew and sunny show'rs fall slow
 Upon them that life and growth they do most show
 And greatest yield their fragrant honey'd smell.
 So 'tis with those who preach and pray to God.
 They who wax strong and cry "All men are lost!"
 And of their own belief in Christ loud boast,

Fail to win the ungodly from the path that's "broad."
 But they succeed who slowly, calmly preach.
 Showing with reasoning the truths they teach.

ON THE SEA.

SUMMER.

The sea is seen as far as eye can reach,
 Calm and tranquil, dotted here and there
 With ships whose white sails glitt'ered in the glare
 Of the summer sun ; and towards the beach
 Tiny blue wavelets come slowly creeping
 And spend themselves among the sand and shingle,
 Or running up inlets—softly leaping—
 Die 'mong the rocks with musical tingle.
 All day over the sand and shingle shore—
 Burning and sparkling with the summer sun—
 Tread old and young with face sunburn'd and dun,
 And children young skip gaily o'er and o'er,
 Else they work hard with spoon or spade in hand
 Building up house or castle on the sand.

WINTER.

The sky is dark, and stormy all o'erhead,
 And wild winds with whistling, howling roar,
 Send saddening strains along the sounding shore,
 As foaming billows madly dashing spread
 And leap far up upon the sandy beach,
 Bestrewed with wreckage, where poor sailors' wives
 Walk to and fro almost bereft of speech,
 So great their terror for their husbands' lives.
 Far out among the billows one can see

A ship dismasted, fast drifting landward
 Towards the rocks, where billows in their glee
 Rise mountains high. On, on she drifts. 'Tis hard,
 No help's at hand and she so near the coast.
 She strikes ! One moment more and all is lost.

SABBATH.

Who but the quiet Scottish Sabbath day,
 Loves of all days the dearest and the best ?
 It comes like balm men's troubles to allay,
 Giving their weak and weary frames sweet rest.
 Time gives it that they their voice may raise
 In lofty strains a joyous song of praise
 To God for health and strength bestow'd alway
 On them ; time gives it they on bended knee
 May supplicate for strongest energie
 To climb life's rough and rugged thorny way,
 And shun the idle, worldly, and profane,
 Who never seek a righteous crown to gain.
 Ah, yes ! There's holiness in every sound that's heard
 Upon the Sabbath, be't breeze or song of bird.

SILENT EVE.

Oft in the peaceful stillness of the eve,
 When Nature has been wooed to balmy sleep,
 Alone to wood or field I quietly creep,
 And there sit down, and from my mind outheave
 The thoughts of worldly trials and cares
 That ever overtake me unawares,

And fill my heart with sadness and dismay,
 Till every thread of hope seems torn away.
 There with unburdened heart I breathe a prayer
 Of thankfulness to God, and of him ask
 Strength to fulfil, day after day the task
 Of life laid down for me. In the calm air
 Voices within me whisper in accents broad,
 "Have hope, O man, and trust alone in God".

WRITTEN ON A SICK BED.

Sick and oppressed, with ills I needs must bear,
 I lie on bed, like lumber on a shelf,
 A perfect relic of my former self—
 Nursed night and day. With pain and ceaseless care,
 Long ere Night's clouds have floated off the sky,
 I weary for the dawn of Morning's light ;
 And when the day has but just ope'd its eye
 I wish that it again were peaceful Night !
 No rest is mine ! Each dreary night and day
 Only gives place to others like those gone,
 And I left weaker on my bed to moan—
 Patience outworn—of hope without a ray.
 Oh, what's to me earth's friendship, love, or wealth,
 If God withholds His greatest blessing—health ?

SADNESS.

Ah yes ! time was when I with cheerful mien
 Engaged in all the pleasures youth provides,
 Was first to romp upon the daisied green,
 Was last to seek my rest at eventides.

No care or thought had I. With wildest fire
 My bosom glow'd, with joys hope did inspire ;
 But now, alas ! clouds hang upon me thick,
 And all within is desolate and sad,
 Till every ray of hope I ever had
 Is fled. In anguish, I pray death come quick
 And take my weary soul, and set it free
 From all the want and woe and misery
 That are my lot, and which I needs must bear
 Till I but look the picture of despair.

TO A ROBIN.

Thou pretty bird, how I delight to hear
 From bare-branched bush and tree thy cheery song
 Of melting melody, so soft and clear,
 That greets me daily as I pass along
 Thy haunted spots. To thee, dear bird, I owe—
 When weigh'd with sorrow, troubled-tryed, distress'd
 By all the bitter cares and ills of life,
 Perplex'd with doubts, and weary-worn with strife—
 A vast of gratitude, for peace and rest,
 Like virtue's balm, come to my soul with glow
 When I thy sweet song hear. Thy mellow lay
 Gives consolation in my deepest woe,
 Soothes every pang that rends my breast,
 And prompts me higher paths of life to go !

CITY SICK.

In sheltered vale, among luxuriant trees,
 Wherever summer's voices lightly call,
 And come and go with every passing breeze,
 And where the sun's bright rays in splendour fall,
 Or e'en beside a rushing mountain stream,
 Where I alone might sit and muse apart,
 While the sweet water music fill'd my heart,
 And lulled my senses to a quiet dream,
 I long to be. For I am weary here,
 With city noises ever grinding on my ear.
 The sight of housetops of a murky hue,
 The streams of black smoke sailing slowly by
 The whole day long that meet my weary eye
 Have filled me with despair and sorrow too.

SUMMER.

Thou'rt welcome, Summer, with the skies of blue,
 Bright sunshine, and mild genial showers,
 Emerald leaves, and countless pretty flowers—
 Of rich perfume—of ev'ry form and hue,
 Shining upon the fields like jewels rare,
 Wherever floats the sweet and balmy air;
 And welcome with the merry, merry song,
 In wood and dale, of feather-throated throng,
 And with the gay hum of insects and bees
 Flitting gaily 'mong the blossoming trees,
 Where softly falls the sunshine warm and bright,
 O Summer! all things hail thee with delight,
 Flowers at thy coming smile and sweet birds sing,
 And peace and pleasure rest on everything.

AUTUMN.

'Tis autumn, and a solemn stillness reigns
 Around in wood and vale ; no amorous song
 Of little birds is heard now all day long
 Ringing sweet. Nought save the low woeful strains
 Of robin as he sits upon a bough,
 Or hops among the grass the trees below,
 While leaves around him fall with ringing sound,
 Till like a rich-made carpet looks the ground.
 The breeze, though somewhat like the summer breeze,
 Has no summer charm ; it smacks much of woe,
 As on it rushes through the brown-dyed trees,
 And o'er the bare fields—where did the corn grow—
 Down the valley and 'long the river side,
 Whispering "Summer's gone and come has autumntide".

SUNSET.

The summer sun had sunk down in the west,
 Behind the hills, 'mong clouds of pink and gold,
 Throwing a splendour glorious to behold
 Over each lofty rugged mountain crest,
 And down upon the trees within the wood,
 Where there was nought but quiet solitude.
 The birds had ceased their merry songs to sing,
 And sat 'mong boughs with head beneath their wing ;
 And flowers had closed their petals. The wind
 Scarce stirring a leaf of flower or tree,
 Languidly sung a good-night lullaby,
 And died the woods and lofty hills behind.
 Old Somnus softly whispered in each ear,
 " Rest, rest, ye weary, till the dawn appear !"

SUNRISE.

From out the east, as vanishes the haze
 Slowly rises the sun till in a blaze
 To weakly eyes do hills and woods appear,
 Which ere the morning broke were dark and drear,
 Zephyrs blow softly o'er the fields of grain,
 Springing in each fertile cultivated plain,
 From off the sea which looks like silver clear.
 Birds break the quiet stillness of the morn,
 And pipe aloud their songs all love to hear
 Within the woods, above the fields of corn,
 And in the pale blue sky, which clearer grows
 As Sol around his bright beams broadly throws,
 Sparkling in the streamlets as they murmur low
 Sweet lullabys as on and on they ever flow.

*TO MARY.*

I.

While in the woods and fields I lie,
 Listening the sweet lark as he cleaves the sky,
 The murmuring brook that rusheth softly by
 Down through the sylvan woods, where giant trees
 Sigh softly, as the scented summer breeze
 Steals through them, mingling with the hum of bees—
 I dream of you, dear girl, I dream and sigh
 And long, and long, the while I were you nigh,
 I love you so ; and of you thus say I—
 “ You are as sweet as roses bathed in dew,
 As fresh as green fields wet with summer rain,
 As dear as music's soft enchanting strain,
 That steals at even the cathedral's portals through,
 Reviving hearts bow'd down by grief and pain.

II.

Still musing of you, lying all alone,
 I long I were a flower, that I might rest
 But for a moment on your loving breast,
 Or necklace that your marble throat encased,
 Or band that clasped your soft and slender waist,
 Or bracelet which your pretty wrist embraced,
 Then earth were heaven, and I supremely blest.
 Dear girl ! there's not on earth a single tone
 Of river, bird, or bee, but brings to me
 A thousand recollections of you, dear,
 And makes me glad, however dark and drear
 All other things of life around me be.
 In you alone my only joy now lies,
 And makes me buoyant as gay lark in the skies.

CITY LIFE.

Within the city I lead daily life,
 Breathing a thick, strong vapour-laden air
 That floats o'er roofs all smoke-begrimed and bare,
 Re-echoing e'er with deaf'ning noises rife.
 I hear no lark rise up to greet the morn
 From out a bed of richest emerald green,
 Nor see I pink and white bloom of the thorn
 As in the country lanes it's gaily seen.
 Instead of hearing loved sounds on the hills,
 The grinding noise of factories greets the ear,
 Instead the tinkling tree-gemm'd sparkling rills,
 The rumbling sound of vehicles all the year.
 So, with these prosy sights and sounds alway,
 My city life is pass'd from day to day.

INA.

Oh Ina, daughter of a noble sire,
 With pleasing mien and truthful-looking eyes
 Wherein no cold ambitious twinkling lies,
 Who but loves thee? Like to a glowing fire
 My bosom burns with deepest love for thee—
 Not that thy wealth and lands I long to prize—
 Which of itself were all the world to me,
 But for thy virtue, a prize the higher.
 Thy loving kindness like harmonious sound
 Wakes kindred echoes ever in my heart
 And teach me e'er what has been oft express
 "There is no harshness, be't however stern,
 But will with kindness cower and forth will bound
 Kindliness from those harsh hearts in return.

IN MEMORIAM.—JOHN BROWN.

Another life recalled from earth to rest,
 A life whose aim these many years has been
 To guard and serve with tenderness the best
 Day after day our much beloved Queen,
 Who knew his worth and loved him as a friend,
 And trusted in his care where e'er she trod,
 Be't city or on lonely mountain sod—
 A guardian brave on him she could depend.
 In mourning him all men united speak
 In highest praise and great respect indeed,
 And well may they, for one so very meek
 And brave deserves it. Long as hill and mead
 Bloom fair, and seaward flows the silv'ry Dee,
 His name to Scotsmen shall remembered be.

RE VERA.

Look not at her ye gazing curious throng
 Nor think by coming here she has done wrong
 To worship. Her bonnet old and scanty shawl
 Tell plainly she is poor, but that's no sin
 Nor reason why she should not dare come in
 To praise the God before whom ye do fall.
 Ah! look at that pale sickly care-worn face
 Which speaks of sorrow borne for long, long years
 And looking, as she walks with tottering pace
 Say for her are ye not all moved to tears?
 'Tis yours to wish that strength be sent from heaven
 That she her burden brave may bare. Pray all
 Until such time the Lord her hence doth call
 She may from Him have earthly comforts given.

BUDDING TIME.

Now the trees that moulted months ago
 Feather their limbs with variegated leaves
 And from the lofty hills, the vales below
 A fragrance comes by every whisp'ring breeze,
 That wafts it to the troubled moaning seas
 And sweetly from the brake and dusky vales
 Bird's songs are heard in notes both high and low.
 Down from a sky of broken clouds the sun
 At times steeps hill and holm in richest dye
 And sparkling brooklets down the valleys run
 Murm'ring melodiously "the summer's nigh".
 Oh budding time our hearts go forth to greet
 Thy blythe returning and thy cheerful glow
 For countless are the joys thou bringst us sweet.



